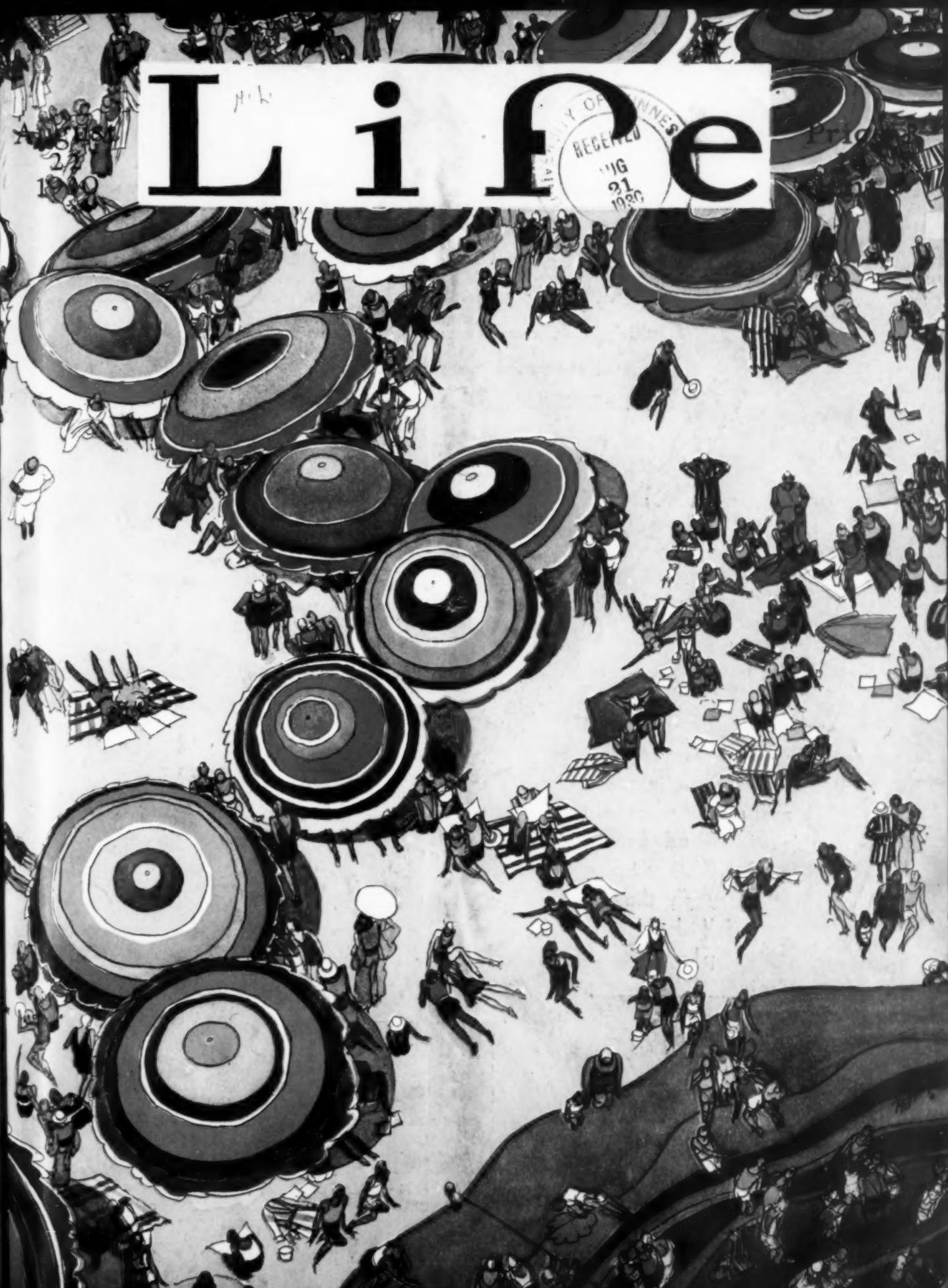


Life

RECEIVED
MAY
21
1926

Price

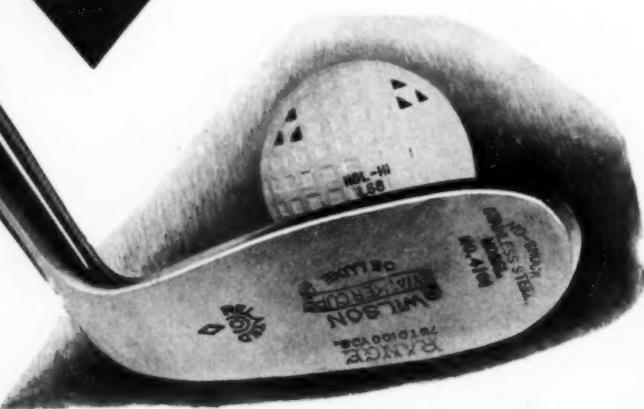
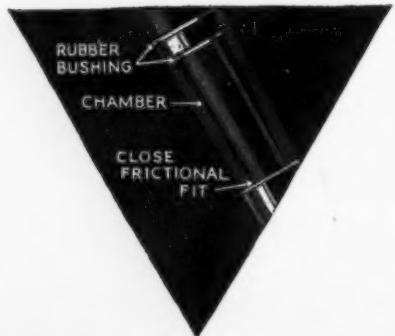


THOSE EXTRA YARDS THAT MAKE THE NEXT ONE EASY

This HOL-HI ▶▶ standardized by U. S. G. A. ▶▶ produced by Wilson ▶▶ is a whale of a ball. It has the extra distance that makes the next shot easier. It's built for the fast swinger or the fellow who takes it slow and easy.

From the heart of the core to every dimple or mesh, HOL-HI is flawlessly uniform ▶▶ a high-powered flash off the tee ▶▶ a miracle of steadiness around the greens. ▶▶ The new 1.68 HOL-HI lives up to every precedent of its smaller mate. Its marvelous faculty for getting up quickly makes the tricky pitch to the pin a shot the average golfer can play with increased confidence.

and clubs too — perfectly matched irons, steel shafted by an exclusive method that saves wrist fatigue, and keeps the shots crisp through the full day's play.



Wilson

GOLF EQUIPMENT
WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS CO.
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

FOOTBALL . . . BASEBALL . . . BASKETBALL . . . TENNIS

August 22, 1930

Vol. 96

Number 2494

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York

LIFE is published every Friday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.

The text and illustrations in LIFE are copyrighted. For Reprint rights in Great Britain apply to LIFE, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, Fetter Lane, London, E. C. England. The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C.

No contributions will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, Lincoln Bldg., 60 East 42nd St., New York.

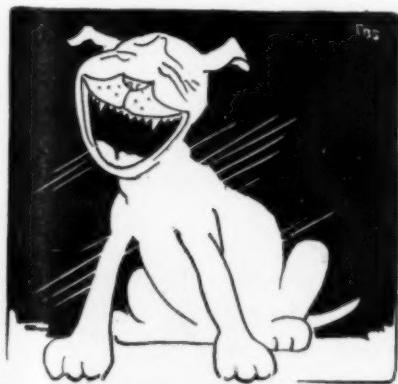
Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (United States and Canada), Foreign, \$6.60.

When the prodigal son came home his father went out and killed the fatted calf, but today he would probably go out and kill a couple of quarts.

Confidential personal counselor, with Lincoln's inspiration and spirit of charity, offers his services.

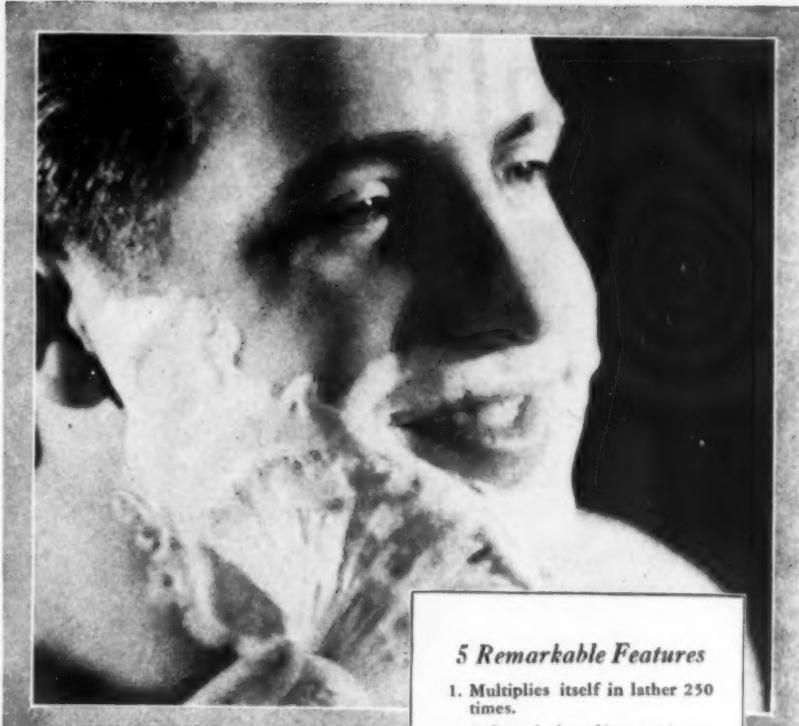
—Ad in *New York World*.

No use. We're looking for one with Lincoln's modesty.



POETICAL PETE.

I have a remedy for pride;
It's as effective as can be.
I hustle to a looking glass
And take a good, long look at me.



5 Remarkable Features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for shaving.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

To men who don't send coupons

Mail this one, please. This remarkable 7-day test will revolutionize your ideas of shaving comfort.

GENTLEMEN: Men have told us "Why, I never sent a coupon for a sample in my life." And it is true, many men do not.

Yet men by the hundreds of thousands have broken that rule to try Palmolive Shaving Cream. For we

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Co. 5925

confess that words are inadequate to describe to you its advantages and virtues.

And we rest our case entirely on how the product itself impresses you. YOU are the judge and jury. Your bathroom is the courtroom. If you vote for us, we win.

We feel that we should warn you of one thing, however. If you mail the coupon the chances are strongly against your ever returning to old style shaving methods again. For our statistics show that 86% of the men who make our free 7-day test, become wedded to Palmolive Shaving Cream.

7 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. M-873, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

(Please print your name and address)

Schooling Raises Pay

Statistics show that, on the average, high school graduates earn \$1.00 for every 72 cents earned by boys with merely elementary education.



© 1930 M. L. I. Co.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

MAYBE it is the boy next door—perhaps it is your own boy—who is eager, restless and ambitious, who would like to quit school and go to work. He is looking forward to the day when he will have more spending money and more independence.

He has read of self-made men who had but little schooling. He sees no reason why he could not do equally well.

Tell him that if he had a chance to talk to one of the big, self-made men of whom he has heard, he would probably be told, "While I was earning a place for myself in the business world I studied at night trying to keep up mentally with my old school friends—even those who went through college."

Before he is permitted to leave school it would be a great thing if he could talk to some man or woman in charge of employment for a big company. He would learn that the better educated boys and girls are given preference, from the outset, over those who quit school too soon.



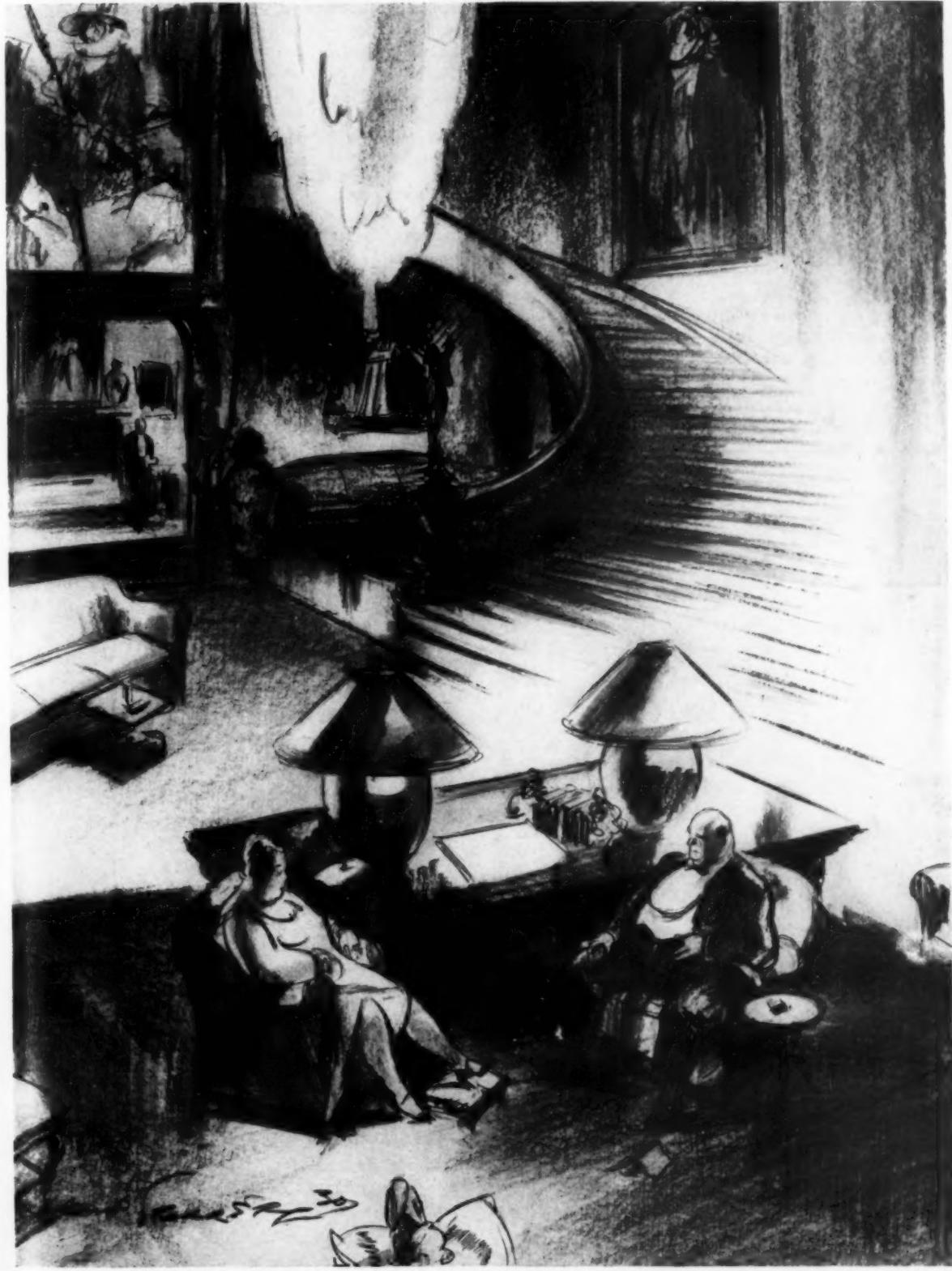
In almost every kind of work, whether manual, mechanical, business or professional, higher wages and salaries, in the overwhelming majority of cases, are earned by the best educated and best trained.

Apart from the greater enjoyment of books, arts and science gained through education—and just as a matter of cold dollars and cents—education pays the best dividends.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Lifte



"With this depression on, Maria, I s'pose we ought to go out tonight and consume something."

The Art Of Radio Heckling

YOU, too, may become an expert radio heckler.

Do certain programs make you rush across the room and bite the radio? Are you constantly screaming and twirling the dial? What right have radio performers to speak the way they do in your home where their voices are guests? You have kept up the payments on your set, haven't you? You buy the electric current which operates the set, don't you? Then why do you remain silent? Speak for yourself. Are you a believer in free speech? Are you going to sit for the way your own radio treats you? Are you afraid? Are you there?

You, too, may become an expert radio heckler and heckle the daylights out of announcers and performers. Permit me to cite in a spirit of helpfulness some of our experiences.

Mary and I made our first technical knockout one stormy midnight when the static was bad. An announcer said, "We have been broadcasting on 1500 kilocycles." Mary was facing away from the radio, but she turned quickly and before the announcer could continue she asked him, "Don't you mean 1500 motorcycles?" He signed off.

One evening at the end of their program the music was slowly fading away as the Clicquot Club Eskimos began their long trek back to the north pole. We sat listening intently while the announcer described the departure. As the music grew faint and fainter in the distance I said to the announcer, "Which one is dragging that piano?" He left the air immediately.

A great favorite with us, since we became hecklers, is a program on one of the smaller stations called "Mr. and Mrs. Chatter." Between phonograph recordings Mrs. Chatter says, "Oh, by the way, at what jewelry shop did you buy that lovely blue-white diamond stickpin you are wearing?" Before Mr. Chatter can answer I say, "Oh, that's egg on my tie." Sometimes Mr. Chatter will say, "Oh, by the way, at what store did you buy that lovely new automatic triple-motion washing machine?" This is Mary's cue to reply, "Is that a washing machine? Oh, I have been using it as a cocktail mixer."

The Chatters advertise the same things daily and in the same way, so Mary and I usually have our answers ready. There is one dialogue the moral of which is that if prompt service is desired a certain specified plumber should be called. Mr. Chatter always begins it by saying, "Oh, by the way, where is that plumber I phoned for three hours ago?" Our answer to it, which Mary takes one day and I the next is, "He forgot himself."

Since ready answers bring confidence to the amateur radio heckler, it is better to begin your heckling career on the smaller stations where programs are the same from day to day. The more powerful stations not only change programs daily, but have the highest paid announcers and most prominent performers and these cause the amateur heckler to lose confidence. When a prominent person, such as Henry Ford or Andrew Mellon, says over a national hook-up that the Outlook is very bright only an experienced radio heckler has the nerve to shout "Yes, but what about Time?"

Songs offer great possibilities. As an example, we will say someone is singing

"Gypsy Sweetheart." Perhaps you call it "Slumber On." Anyway, you know the song. What would you do if someone was singing it over your radio in your own home? Would you just sit there and take it? You say you would? Well, that's just because your spirit is broken. Radio singers have you whipped. Suppose you heard someone, say Will Oakland, singing, "Sl-u-m-b-e-r o-n, my lit-tul gyp-sy sweet-tart" over a radio on which you had kept up the payments. What would you say? Oh, you like Will Oakland? Well, we'll leave him out of it. But an experienced heckler would say, "How can she sleep with all that racket?" And when the singer stopped the heckler would say, "She's pretending she's asleep just to make him hush."

The height of radio heckling is dial twisting. It requires mental alertness and an agile wrist. Keep the radio in the open. You don't want to stumble over a footstool or chair reaching it when you hear an opportunity. Here is an example of dial twisting heckling: Just as an announcer says "Hark, Hark, the Lark" the heckler twists the dial to another station where the next sound heard is "Yeah, an' I se re-gusted."

—Tom Sims.



"Hic—you feller'sh are carrying this raiding business too far!"

Great Minds At Work



No dumb
girl ever has
any beaux.
—Dorothy
Dix.

Do you know
a million aching hearts, a
million lonely
girls and a mil-
lion Cinderel-
las are dreaming of me?
—John Gilbert.

Freckles—why worry about them?
They are nothing but sun-kisses.
—Bernarr Macfadden.

I have much more respect for the
man who drinks wet and votes dry
than for the man who drinks dry and
votes wet.—Rev. Dr. Shields, state
superintendent of the Anti-Saloon
League of New Jersey.

What is a stimulus? A crying baby?
If it cries for an hour, it is a great
stimulus.—George A. Dorsey, Ph. D.,
L. L. D.

Everything we see is simply a distribution of probabilities.
—Bertrand Russel.

And it is Prohibition that has made
it possible for us to speak of true
liberty as a fact about to be accom-
plished instead of as a state of mind
for philosophers to talk about.
—J. C. Penney.

Clearly everyone has a weakness for
something. —Rudy Vallee.

We obey the lash, we obey the whip
and while we think so and so, we are
nothing but pawns on the checker-
board, and the man up in the White
House moves us around and we obey,
as a slave obeys his master.

—Senator Norris.

It is not clever to be broke.
—Edgar Wallace.

False Pretenses

MOTORIST: A bandit jumped on the
running board of my machine last
night and demanded five dollars.

FRIEND: Why didn't you have him
arrested for impersonating an officer?

Error

Some women are so careless they will
leave anything about for the maid to
pick up, as is shown by one in St.
Louis who names her maid as co-
respondent.

Buon Natale!

The Immigration Board has decided
Primo Carnera may remain in this
country until December 31, thus giving
him a chance to meet another
Santa Claus.

Tough

"The professional man's wife should
make him a social success," says an
editorial. Our sympathy goes out to
the dentist who has worked hard all
day and then must spend the evening
watching a soprano sing.



"One more crack outta you, and you go straight to bed!"

The Male Confesses



WIFE: Henry, I think I'll rest here awhile.

Burnt Up

A garage fire in Brooklyn destroyed more than 100 autos. Many families lost everything they had.

Equalization

There are 2,625,200 motorcycles in the world. The people of the British Isles own twenty-eight per cent of them while Americans own only about ten per cent. But doubtless we have more machine guns, arsenic and carbolic acid than the people of the British Isles.

(Awful)

A studio engaged in making comedy shorts is moving from New York to Hollywood. Westward, Ho-Ho!

Patience

Chinese women are said to be the most patient in the world. No doubt patience is necessary when one's husband comes home late and turns out to be a Chinaman.

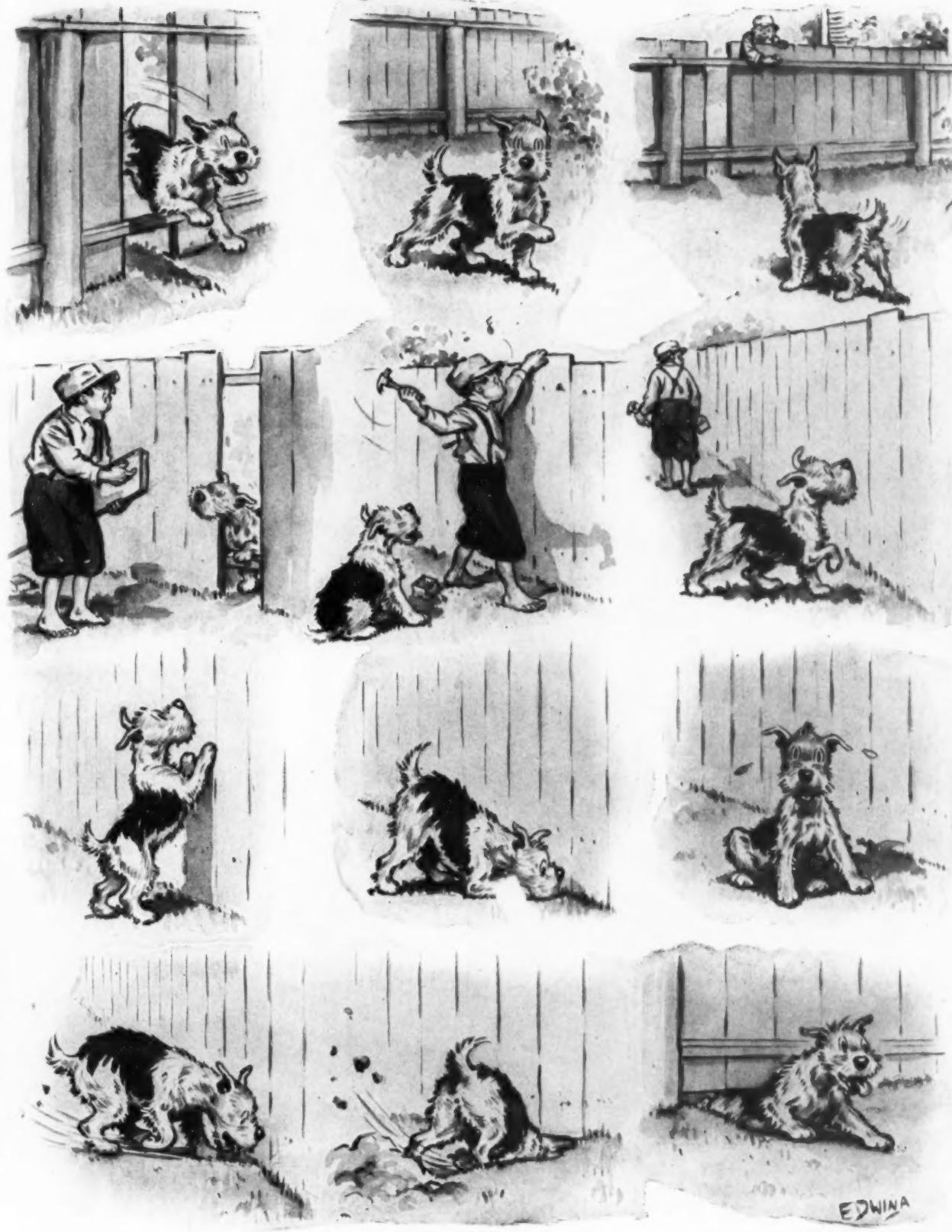
Now that the days of the dress revolution
Gradually draw to a close,
Now that the girls have neck-knots and
curls,
And skirts that hang down to their
toes,
Now that apparel curtailment has
halted,
And modists make trimmings and
sleeves,
Oh let us confess just how badly we
faltered
In keeping in step with the Eves.

They cut off their tresses, they sliced
down their garments,
They chopped off their waists to a
trifle,
They eschewed the stocking, oh not to
be shocking,
But the idea of clothes seemed to
stifle,
And though we talked shorts and pa-
jamas (we martyrs)
And boasted we'd go beyond that,
All that we did was to take off our
garters
And go about town less a hat.

—Albert Ford Mullady.



Little Willie enjoys the scenes of his childhood.



SINBAD
"Pine boards do not a prison make—"

Tees

I think that I shall never see
A road without a practise tee

A tee whose striped umbrellas spread
Above each hot and aching head

A tee on which a lot of dubs
Whiff at the ground with waving clubs

A tee where some smart fellow sits
And for each bucket gets two bits

Fortunes are made through fools like
me
For I can never pass a tee!

—Gerry Williams.



"Why didn't you bring your wife along? Is she sick?"
"No, but she's very domineering."

Diary Of A Flagpole Sitter

Aug. 20: Bright and clear. Not much new today. Ate banana at lunch. Faced east all morning. Southwest by south in afternoon. Slight headache 4:30 to 5:15.

Aug. 21: Cloudy with gentle wind. Not much new today. Faced southeast by north. If there's a breeze anywhere I get it up here. Slight pain in forefinger. Might be splinter. Am not worried.

Aug. 22: Fair with strong wind. Not much new today. Strawberry ice cream at dinner. Usually it's vanilla. Faced north all day. Left foot itching.

Aug. 23: Fair with gentle wind. Not much new today. Toast burned at breakfast. Ground crew getting careless. Faced southwest. I prefer southwest. View is better. Left foot still itching. Scratched it.

Aug. 24: Cloudy with slight rain. Not much new to ...

(The rest of this diary has
fortunately been lost.)

—W. W. Scott.

Hands Across The Sea

A returned tourist brings some information on hotel employees abroad. He says they are about ten minutes from tip to tip.

The New York *Times'* truthful reporter is still on the job. He writes: "Winter travel to Sequoia and General Grant National Parks in California is increasing by leaps and bounds as roads are improved."



NEW YORKER (in Hawaii): Oh boy! A speakeasy!

The Gloucester City Vanities

A letter has been sent to the Camden County Park Commission by a woman protesting against a statue of a nude female figure in the County Park in Gloucester City. The woman, who signs herself Prudence Talbott, wants the Commission either to drape or remove the figure.—N. Y. World.

she'd have very little moral effect on even the younger children.

In any event, I'll show your letter to the other members of the Commission. If they consider the bronze maiden, or whatever she is, immoral, we'll shoo the pigeons off her bare shoulder and weld on some clothes as best we can.

Or, if you can wait until next spring, we might start some thick vines up both her legs.

Assuring you of every co-operation,
I am,

Sincerely yours,
JACK CLUETT,
Asst. Secretary.

P. S. What do you think about George Washington's pants? J. C.

Miss Prudence Talbott,
Gloucester City, N. J.

Dear Miss Talbott:

Yours of the 17th ult. at hand. The statue you speak of has been in Gloucester City Park for fifty years, being unveiled about the same time as the one of George Washington on the horse which sets over near the band stand. As a matter of fact, I don't believe anybody notices whether she's dressed or naked, Miss Talbott, except possibly the doves and sparrows that perch on her shoulder throughout the day waiting for peanuts. I'll warrant that nine people out of ten, if asked what they thought of the nude lady in the park, would answer: "I thought that was George Washington."

I don't see how you can honestly say that this statue is worse than the women who bathe in the park in one-piece bathing suits. I can see why *they* ought to be removed, but I don't see anything wrong with the bronze lady—really, I don't. For fifty long years she's just stood there holding that vase and minding her own affairs.

As far as I am concerned, I'd just as soon have the figure clothed and, if I could locate the sculptor, I'd have him chisel a drape of some sort over her; but I'm afraid the sculptor has died or moved by this time. If I thought Mulligan & Schermerhorn could do that sort of work I'd have them melt the vase into a toga, but I'm afraid it's too ticklish a job for ordinary plumbers.

We might limit the use of the park to children over eighteen years of age, although the lady is so corroded I think



"Will she weather this, Captain?"
"Weather what?"

Mrs. Pep's Diary

by COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., JULY
Baird 30—Awake betimes, reading
Leonard in Grosvenor Nicholas'

new book on backgammon and gaining therefrom much useful information, albeit I doubt if I can ever bring myself to play a six-four cast as he advises, having a great weakness for making points on my inner board. Methinks I am indulging too much in this game of late, for, just as I do play contract in my dreams after a protracted bout at bridge, I now find myself moving the dinner guests about at table as though they were draughtsmen. And only last night, whilst playing with my cozen Florence, I became so excited that I did throw my dice into the tumbler of water which was beside me, an error which Florence said she could overlook so long as I did not mistake the glass for the dice-box to the extent of seizing it and shaking liquid all over her and the table. Up and did on my beige lace, and so to the Spotty Bowerses to a buffet luncheon for the Sydney Smiths, and there was the best champagne cup that ever I tasted in my life, of which I could have drunk a barrelful, but Samuel fixed me with so beady an eye that I was obliged to content myself with two modest beakers. Mistress McKim of Short Hills there, telling me of her disappointment in a physical culture bureau to which she had already consigned five dollars, with thirty-five more to follow, because of its promise to reduce her weight without depriving her of food, and how in its very first pamphlet she was given a choice of but two breakfast fruits, and when I did ask her what two she had selected, she quoth, "I chose a codfish ball and ham." Supper on the launch, of lobster, duck stew, baked potatoes, etc., all very fine, and so home to read myself to sleep on "Murder through the Window," and the night was so chill that I was forced to put on gloves whilst sitting in bed against my pillows, a gesture which does strike me as a far more graphic indicator of temperature than the proverbial sleeping under blankets.

JULY 31—Up early and at my labors, then to the postoffice with my copy, dropping it into the box with my usual misgivings that it will not reach its destination, for Lord! I do never write

an article whilst away from home without feeling that the trainmen and express messengers are going to rip open the envelope, read every word with no sympathy whatsoever, and then tear the manuscript into small pieces and scatter them along the railroad track. I have somewhat the same suspicions about luggage which I do not transport by hand, for never do I check a trunk without visioning my best evening gown floating from a telegraph pole or my choicest lingerie spread to the four winds in some barren lot between Rochester and Buffalo.

AUGUST 1—Busy assembling my notes for a dissertation on unforgettable characters in fiction, one of whom is undeniably Adrian Harley, who, when

told by Richard that Lucy had done her utmost to forestall her marriage, pointed out that she might have shaved her head. Tea at Mary Lowe's, finding there Liz Ramsey whom I have not seen in more years than I like to set down, and I quizzed her most particularly about her husband, remembering how she had once said that she would never marry a man who could not give her a willow plume and a grand piano. Mary, fearful of losing the excellent waitress whom she has taken some pains to train, confided that she had resolved to increase the girl's wages slightly and give her an occasional cocktail, hoping thereby to keep her fancy from turning to warmer climes when the winter comes upon us



"I'm in here to git out a book, please—somethin' fit for say about a lady thirty-five."



"Jones—of 'The Mirror.' "

(11)



A Burial of Lives

Money does not always make the mare go. In every newspaper, in every department store, in the mail order houses, in all the chain stores we get daily evidence of the energy of American women in disbursement. But now and then there is evidence of another sort.

There died the other day the last but one of the Wendel family who lived in a well-known house on Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue. In it had lived six sisters and a brother. Back of them were large real estate holdings in New York that had come down for two centuries. The brother, intensely interested in keeping these properties in the family, kept his sisters from marrying for fear the property would be divided. One did marry in spite of him, but left no heirs.

If those Wendel women had been comfortably murdered by their brother

in the house on Thirty-ninth Street and buried unostentatiously in the cellar and the news of it had come out long after all of them were dead, that would have seemed like a tremendous tragedy. But what really happened? The brother, who may have been more or less of a lunatic, was able to shut most of them off from life almost as effectually as if he had knocked them on the head and buried them in the cellar.

Tragic? What could be more tragic? Some people get the idea that money is more important than people; that accumulation is more important than human development. The greatest thing is a great man or woman. The order is, as a rule the other way round: first the great woman who has a child worth having. But to those unlucky Wendel women no child! Petrified lives! Awful! Too late now to do anything about Brother John, but it is doubtful that he is enjoying life where he has gone to.

Hetty Green liked money, was a great patron of economy and never really had a home outside of the Chemical Bank, but after all she had a gay life compared to the poor Wendels. She was full of activity and enjoyed getting money together. One need not mourn for her. She never was con-

demned to blight and mildew by a brother.

Charities are presently to get the Wendel millions. The objects are designated. Some of them are good enough. Still one may consider what might be done with one hundred millions.

One service that has not been endowed yet, so far as known, is the one of checking the injustices of the government. Government is constantly inflicting wrongs and the victims as a rule are not rich enough to carry the lawsuits up to higher courts. Whether a foundation could be established to assist them is something to be discussed by lawyers, but it is a form of legal aid that might do good.

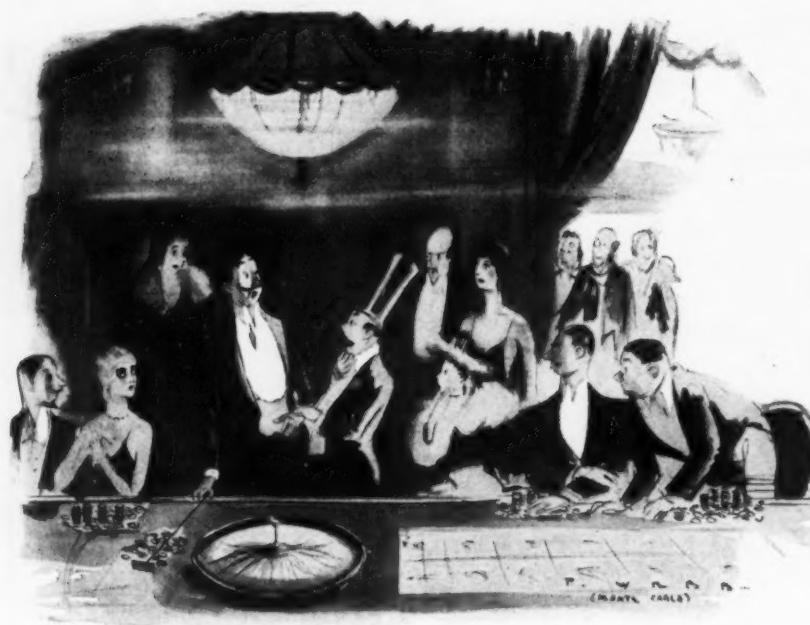
It takes a long purse to fight the government. The steel companies, the Aluminum Company and their like can recover excess taxes paid; the railroads can fight for what they want; they have the machinery to do it and can finance it. One reads that Mrs. Penfield, of Philadelphia, is suing the government for about half a million dollars on account of losses incurred by hotel properties that she owned, and due to prohibition. Mrs. Penfield has a long purse and can go to law, but what of people improperly deported? What of small concerns padlocked? What of nine-tenths and perhaps ninety-nine hundredths of the objects of the government's solicitude? Can they fight the government and get their rights? Of course not.

The Benign Kaiser

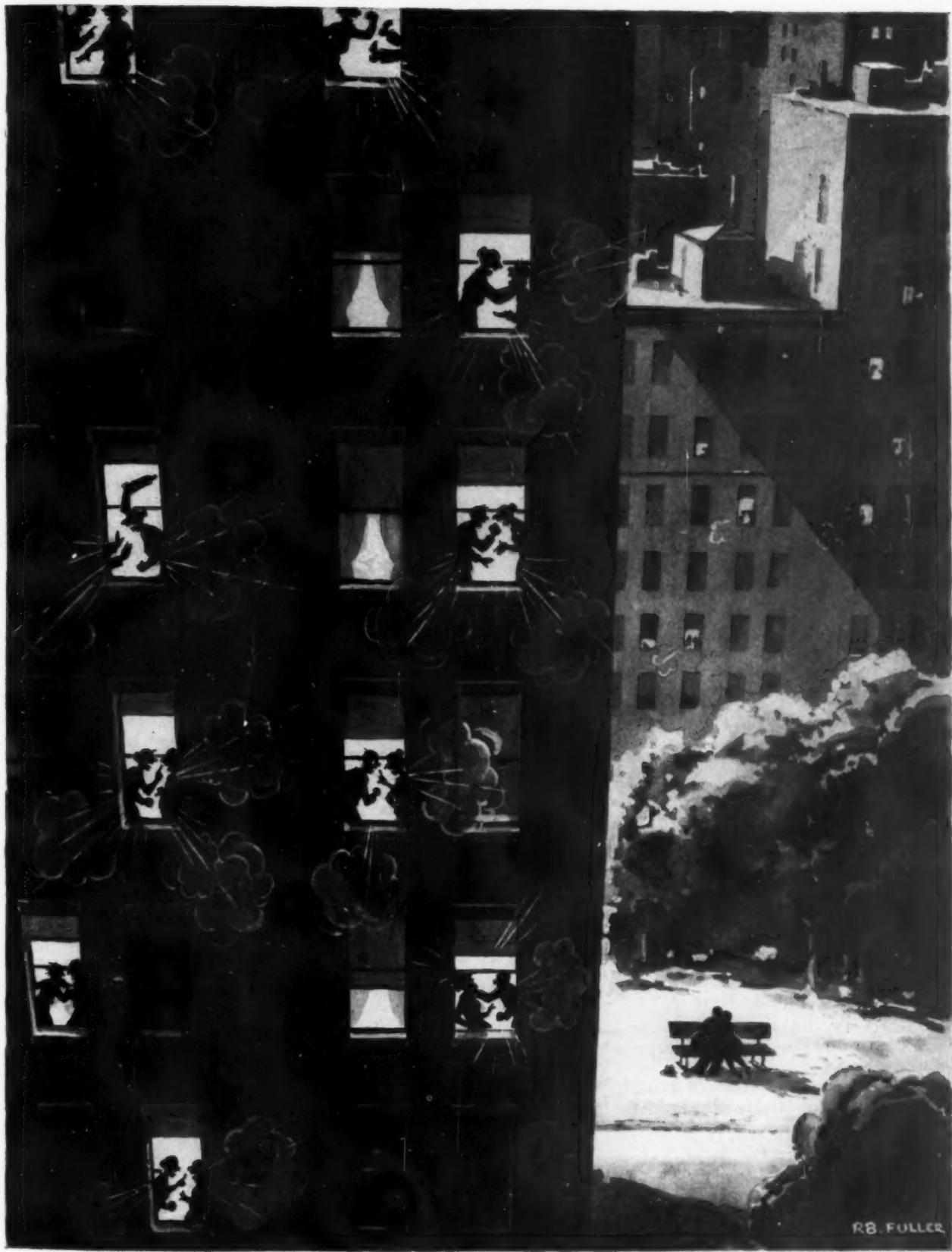
Mr. Poulney Bigelow has made a visit to his old friend, Kaiser William, Emeritus, and is telling us about it in the *Herald Tribune*, setting forth especially how the K. W. E. was in no degree responsible for the war, which was put over on him by the Czar and other unscrupulous neighbors.

Perhaps so. It is a great misfortune to be misunderstood. One recalls in the years before the war recurring anxieties as to what the Kaiser would do next. If he had been able to impart to Europe an impression of his real benignity, revealed only lately, maybe there wouldn't have been any war! But his inability to do so was important.

—E. S. Martin.



"Let's not play for keeps until my wife and I catch onto the game."



It was a night for love.

(13)

Breathless Stories

Mr. Billings Recovers.

Well, Mr. Billings was a man who could take a drink or leave it alone, but for days and days at a time he chose the former, which wasn't a wise choice because even though we do have prohibition in this country you and I know it isn't right to be greedy and try to drink up everything in sight, and Mr. Billings' wife agreed with us on this point instead of agreeing with her husband, and so one morning Mr. Billings waked up and wished he had stayed asleep because while he was at home all right and was in his own bed all right just the same one of his legs was bandaged from heel to hip with splints in the bandages like as if it was broken, which of course is why splints are put in bandages, and he groaned and groaned and Mrs. Billings took care of him and every day put zinnias and roses and other fresh flowers in the room until in about a week he smiled and told her he realized that a man who could take a drink or leave it alone should sometimes choose the latter, and Mrs. Billings smiled and took the splints off his leg which she had put on there herself to make him think it was broken so he would stay home and think about things, so he discovered his leg wasn't broken and being a good sport he laughed loud and long and now he calls Mrs. Billings a jewel and brings home ice cream.



Meet The Author

KNOCKOUT RILEY: Cheeze, kid. Dat last article you wrote for de paper wuz a pippin.

ONE-ROUND PETE: Dat's wot dey tell me. Y'know, buddy, sometimes I wish I could read.

Call Your Shots

MRS. JONES (scornfully): You aren't the man I married ten years ago.

JONES: I should say not. I'm the one you married five years ago.

Carelessness

A New York woman who claimed a bus climbed the curb and struck her lost in the resulting lawsuit. This would indicate that being alive is now regarded as contributory negligence.

Goofy

Little boys six and eight years old are taking up tree sitting, but what else could one expect of a generation which was lulled to sleep as babies by that "Yes, We Have No Bananas" song?

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

(1) Scramble *raving* with an *e* and get something for bitter or worse.

(2) Scramble *sister* with a *g* and get a fierce female.

(3) Scramble *medium* with an *s* and get her clients.

(4) Scramble *cleaving* with an *i* and get a good watch.

(5) Scramble *caring* with an *h* and get your feelings hurt.

(Answers on Page 30)



FIRST DEPARTING SUMMER BOARDER: *Gosh! Won't you be glad to get some good o'd restaurant cookin' again!*

Native Sons at the South Pole

1ST PENGUIN: Well sir, things are pretty dull right now.
2ND PENGUIN: You said it. No excitement, no airplanes. This place is just the sticks again.

1ST P.: It's always like that after *they* leave. End of the season. You got to get used to it, living in a resort the way we do. Rich Northern folks coming down scattering things around, going home again.

2ND P.: It's hard though. I miss that garbage. Just can't seem to get used to plain fish any more.

1ST P.: Me too. And Gosh, are the women spoiled? Say, you take my daughter now. Beak in the air the whole time. Just can't seem to be natural after getting her picture in the *New York Times* that way. Yes sir, right square in the rotogravure section she had it.

2ND P.: That's *nothing!* You ought to see my wife. They took movies of her, you know. Now she wants to go to Hollywood. Says she screens well. Won't sit on her eggs. It's terrible. Times are bad.

1ST P.: But what can we do? Just hang on, I reckon, waiting for another boom.

2ND P.: Yeah, you're right. But when it comes let's be ready for it. We could put in a hot dog stand and maybe a Tom Thumb Golf Links. Make it like home for *them*.

1ST P.: Now you're talking! And we can sell eskimo pies and cold pop. Boy, we can clean up!

—W. W. Scott.



*"Whose car is that?"
"It belongs to me and the Amalgamated Financing
and Loan Corporation."*

Life in Society



Love Comes to Miss Watts

Miss Iodine Watts receiving bids in Bailey's Swamp from T. Mortimer Skiff. The successful bidder has just closed the contract with a pert smack. They are about to trim ship and scull home through the mosquitoes.

A luncheon bridge took place yesterday at the Larchmont Shore Club. Mrs. H. Pell was chairman and was assisted by Mrs. J. D. Underwear and Mrs. M. W. Beeks, who trumped her partner's sandwich during the rubber game.

Mrs. Frederick C. Hawkins was hostess yesterday at her Sands Point estate at a garden tea to members of the Frederick C. Hawkins Republican Club. Mrs. Treble Pucker gave a talk on "Old Ironsides," one of the absent members.

Mrs. David Oliver sang a group of Russian folksongs, accompanied by Harrison Victor under the piano.

Mrs. George de Clancey, who has been abroad for two months with her daughters, the Misses Constance and Rosamond de Clancey, has returned with a couple of Titles-in-law.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. H. Ripley, who meant to go to the Savoy-Plaza from Newport, inadvertently returned from Europe on the Olympic and barged over to Oyster Bay before they discovered their error.

—Jack Cluett.



The disappearance of taxicabs due



Taxicabs during a sudden shower.

Theatre • by Baird Leonard

THE theatrical season of 1930-31 may be said to have opened with David Belasco's presentation of "Dancing Partner," an adaptation from the Hungarian by the redoubtable Hattons. Those who have been unable to visit Paris and Biarritz this summer will derive a vicarious pleasure from this comedy's settings, however much they lament the tenuousness and tedium of its artificial plot. Having heard that the word "gigolo" appeared in the original title, I expected to find a lot of old dowagers languishing about the lobbies of the best Continental hotels, baiting with bibelots and bank notes those commercial cavaliers who, according to the printed confessions of one of them, "need a sense of humor to push a ton of avoirdupois around a dance floor to the tune of 'Yes, Sir, She's My Baby.'" Not at all. "Dancing Partner" features the younger generation. What is more, it gives it a break.

The curtain rises on a scene which must figure in the dreams of every young man who is posted at his club and owes Tripler's over thirty dollars. Lord George Hampton (played admirably by Henry Stephenson, one of my favorite actors,) has assembled in a private room at Claridge's the outstanding creditors of his profligate nephew, Lord Robert Brummel. He tops off a swell dinner with the news that he is going to pay them every sou. He later tells Lord Robert (played by Lynne Overman with such fatigue and world weariness that it was a repeated astonishment to see him move his lips and feet) that it is time for him to cut the Casanova stuff and take a wife. Lord Robert balks at marriage, modestly asserting that he has fooled too many husbands himself to be caught in the same trap. He has the lovely idea that there is but one kind of woman, and that that kind is bad. Lord Hampton reproves his cynicism, and tells him that Roxana Hartley, the daughter of one of his own old flames and the girl whom he has selected for his nephew, is not only charming but on a par with Caesar's wife. Robert makes the chivalrous sug-

gestion that he be given a month, *in cognito*, to find out. If he cannot seduce Roxy by the end of that time, he will marry her. A noble young man, indeed, the flower of old England, according to the Hungarian and the Hattons!

Now Uncle George has not seen Roxy for some time, and when he meets her at tea with her mother, he views her with increasing alarm. She rings in the old reference to Freud (will somebody please tell novelists and playwrights that the famous Viennese is now *passé*?) announces her favorite books to be "Lady Chatterly's Lover" and "The Madonna of the Sleeping-Car," and bawls for a side-car cocktail in the face of Lady Hartley's remon-

instead of the modern little devil he had preconceived is matched by his astonishment that a girl can talk at risky random and still be good as gold. Even her subsequent threat, after she learns his identity and the nefarious test to which she has been put, to parade the hotel garbed as Monna Vanna does not swerve him from his decision to marry her. John Golden himself could not quarrel with the cleanliness and felicity of the dénouement, poor Uncle George and Lady Hartley are not put out of their misery, and the audience goes forth into the night, inclined to pick whatever daisies may be found springing from the asphalt.

The scene in the airplane is a notable example of Mr. Belasco's wizardry at stagecraft. The landscape moves miraculously by the windows, and stars and clouds show in the background when the upper air is gained. One captious critic pointed out the novelty of a plane's landing with its motors going full tilt, but by this time Mr. Belasco's passion for exactitude in such matters has doubtless led him to rectify this minor mechanical blunder. The hotel sets are as accurate as photographs, even to the perfect waiter and the chintz cushions.

The cast is excellent throughout, my only complaint being that Miss

Charlotte Granville, whose appearance stopped the show, seemed at moments to throw herself too fervently into her part. Miss Irene Purcell was particularly engaging, and her clothes were exactly right. The minor characters were, after the custom of this management, little masterpieces, except that the wigs and beards of the bankers and the *courier* seemed a trifle too Hepnerish.

I wish, in conclusion, to congratulate the authors of this fragile unimportant comedy for a fine bit of restraint. With such a splendid chance at a Continental background, they do not show us a single American on the loose.

• • •
The editor tells us that Mister Cooper (the well-known *JGC*) is going to do some sketches for this department—which pleases us greatly.



"Slap me on the back, big boy, Ah wants to know if Ah is gettin' a tan."

strance that alcohol is unseemly at such an hour. She compares entering into matrimony without pre-marital experience to the folly of going into a jungle without a chart, and finally brings on the scene her latest vagary, a "taxi-dancer," a young man whom she hires to whirl her about to the seductive music which goes on most of the time in the wings. Only Lord Hampton recognizes the taxi-dancer as his nephew.

The month goes blissfully by for everybody but Uncle George. On its final day, Lord Robert, still masquerading as M. Jolie, persuades Roxy to fly with him to San Sebastian. His intentions are dishonorable, for he has Engaged Rooms and brought along champagne. His discomfiture at finding himself aloft with an Elsie Dinsmore

Movies • by Harry Evans

"Manslaughter"

GEORGE ABBOTT'S adaptation and direction of "Manslaughter" brings consoling proof of the old wheeze about not being able to keep a good man down. Mr. Abbott knows entirely too much about what we are pleased to call life to believe that parts of this picture represent true values, but he apparently also knows enough about Hollywood to realize that a director must be wise enough to accept a certain amount of advice from important people, and intelligent enough to make a good movie in spite of it. So therefore, if you happen to find yourself a bit out of sympathy with the manner in which the picture solves certain complicated social problems just relax, and the pleasant features of the film will afford more than enough pleasure to compensate for your difference of opinion.

Mr. Abbott presents a capable combination of talent in his two leading characters, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. After the unhappy assignment she was forced to shoulder in "The Big Pond," Miss Colbert is herself once more, and gives a performance that is smooth and adroit. Inspired no doubt by the compliment of his surroundings, Mr. March rises quite perceptibly above his usual so-so pleasant capability and comes through with the best work of his career. Other members of the cast deserving mention are Emma Dunn, Richard Tucker and Hilda Vaughn. Mr. Tucker is one of those actors whose consistent efficiency over a long period of service makes it easy for critics to overlook him when handing out the flowers.

The license with which the movies treat the course of justice in our courts of law is strikingly demonstrated in "Manslaughter" and "Wild Company." The latter film was reviewed by this department a few weeks ago. In "Wild Company" a young man who is convicted of manslaughter committed during a robbery is sentenced to five years—in the parole of his father. In "Manslaughter" a young girl accidentally kills a policeman and is sent to prison.

The district attorney, who loves her, prosecutes her, but wants to prove that justice is the thing, and you cannot get around it. Then, just to demonstrate the inconsistency of the point, the young lady's friends start pulling strings and have her pardoned.

Critics have to pick at these details just to prove that they are quarrelsome enough to hold their jobs. Then to prove that they are cursed with as much inconsistency as any movie plot they turn around and say, "You will surely be entertained by 'Manslaughter.'"

We particularly recommend the scene in which Miss Colbert returns to her home after being released from prison.

"Our Blushing Brides"

THERE is quite a serious treatise here about how the poor working

way that Joan Crawford treats Robert Montgomery, and in the end he turns out to be quite a decent fellow—which also proves that the world is chock full of decent men—if girls are attractive and obstinate enough to make them be decent.

But after all, "Our Blushing Brides" does what the producers really wanted to do, which was to present a lot of beautiful girls in underwear and placate the censors by throwing in a plot that is supposed to give the carrying-on a serious aspect. This reviewer frankly confesses that he found it practically impossible to look upon the charms of Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian and a dozen other equally attractive gals and remember at the same time that there is a serious side to French lingerie. The only time we were serious was when Hedda Hopper

asked the price of one little flimsy lace number and the saleslady said a hundred and thirty-five bucks.

The dialog is atrocious—there is no other word for it, in fact it is so bad that the characters seem almost reticent about pronouncing some of the lines. Nor is the plot well presented—but the underwear is—so there you are.



The snake-charmer who tried a little theme song.

goil can wear Cartier's gadgets, live on Oyster Bay estates and dab D'Orsay's *Amber* behind her ears without relinquishing her ideals, if you get what we mean. Surrounded as it is with sweet young things running around in delightfully scant French thing-a-ma-gigs, the moral of the picture becomes a bit confused. The answer to the big question, however, appeared quite clear to us in the closing scenes: All a working girl has to do to attain wealth, position, etc., is to attract the son of the man who owns the store, let him see her display underwear for a week or so, make him "want" her like anything, and then prove by a couple of hand-to-hand combats that she is one of those girls who must be married. This is the

"Hell's Island"

THIS story of the French Foreign Legion presents Jack Holt and Ralph Graves as one of those soldier teams of wise-cracking buddies who are continually scrapping for the favor of a lady. Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe started this business and there seems to be no end of it.

The difference between this plot and the ones that preceded it is that Jack and Ralph finally get very serious about the thing, which leads to complicated melodrama and terminates when Jack forgives Ralph for a fancied wrong and helps him escape from Hell's Island. This is the third escape we have witnessed from this island in the past few months. The next time a movie actor is shipped to the place we hope he stays there.

The work of Jack, Ralph and Dorothy Sebastian is commendable.

Life in Washington

By CARTER FIELD.

The Unhappiest President

THREE are those who believe that Herbert Hoover is the unhappiest man who has ever been in the White House. It may be true, but it is pretty hard to furnish statistics. The Census Bureau may insist on knowing whether John Jones, of Omaha, has a radio, and whether he sends his shirts to the laundry or has them done at home. But no census enumerator walks up to the White House and demands: "Just what is your percentage of happiness?"

But Mr. Hoover, whatever may be his efficiency in most directions, is not a very good actor. Maybe he could smile convincingly if he had a toothache, but one doubts it. Certainly he cannot or certainly does not dissemble irritation.

And plenty of things happen to annoy Presidents. Not only that, but his zeal for fact finding results in his hearing about nearly all of them.

Right now take the case of Col. Horace A. Mann—the "mystery man" of the anti-Smith campaign. Is he still doing his best to make everyone think Hoover is heaven's answer to this country's ills? He most certainly is not. He refuses to lie down and play dead with Dr. Work, "Wild Bill" Donovan and Mabel Walker Willebrandt. Though

maybe we had better strike out Mabel, too, for she seems to be taking an unofficial hand in prohibition enforcement despite the efforts to shelve her in a good paying job with no publicity perquisites.

No sir. The "mystery man" is not content to be shrouded in mystery, now that his work has prevailed, and the menace of the Pope and alcohol have been entirely removed. He is having meetings with his old lieutenants and plotting.

If Theodore Roosevelt were in the White House, and Col. Mann were plotting against him, he would issue a blast bristling with new coined words, picturing Mann in such a light that the cartoonist would go to work on him, and mothers use him as a boogey man to frighten spoiled children into going to bed without an extra ice cream cone.

If Woodrow Wilson were in the White House under similar circumstances, he probably would not hear anything about it. Having decreed Mann's political death, he would assume him to be dead, and no one would dare tell him any different. If Taft were in the White House, and he were told about it, he would first consult Cannon and Aldrich, be assured by them there was nothing to it, and then laugh.

But poor Hoover. He hears about such things, and then gets to brooding on the impossibility of having the world at large appreciate just how pure and fine all his motives are. For never was

a man so torn between determination to do just what he thinks is the best thing for the administration, and sensitiveness as to what people will say if he turns down an old friend or shows what appears to be ingratitude.

Take the two cases of Col. Donovan and Col. Mann. There is probably not a case which has caused Mr. Hoover so much distress as the first. Actually he offered the colonel the French embassy long before he offered him the Governor generalship of the Philippines, but the colonel turned both down. But there was no publicity to the first offer, so Hoover never got the credit for it. By the time he realized that he was being suspected of ingratitude, it was too late to say anything about it. Herrick had died in the meantime, and it would never do to explain that he had thought of displacing Herrick!

Col. Mann was relegated to outer darkness because of a mixup with Claudio Huston. Right after election Mann was destined as Southern patronage dispenser. He moved to Miami Beach when Hoover was at Belle Isle and all the job seekers had to see him first. But then Huston opposed appointing a Southerner to the Cabinet and a row developed. Mann's friends thought Huston wanted to go into the cabinet himself later, without the handicap of there being a Southerner already there.

At any rate Mann sulked. Meantime Walter Brown could see no reason for sharing his power so far as the South was concerned with the Mystery Mann. He remembered the power of postmaster generals before, and acted in imitation. So Mann, ground between an ambitious Postoffice Department on the one hand, and an embittered chairman of the Republican National Committee on the other, nearly disappeared.

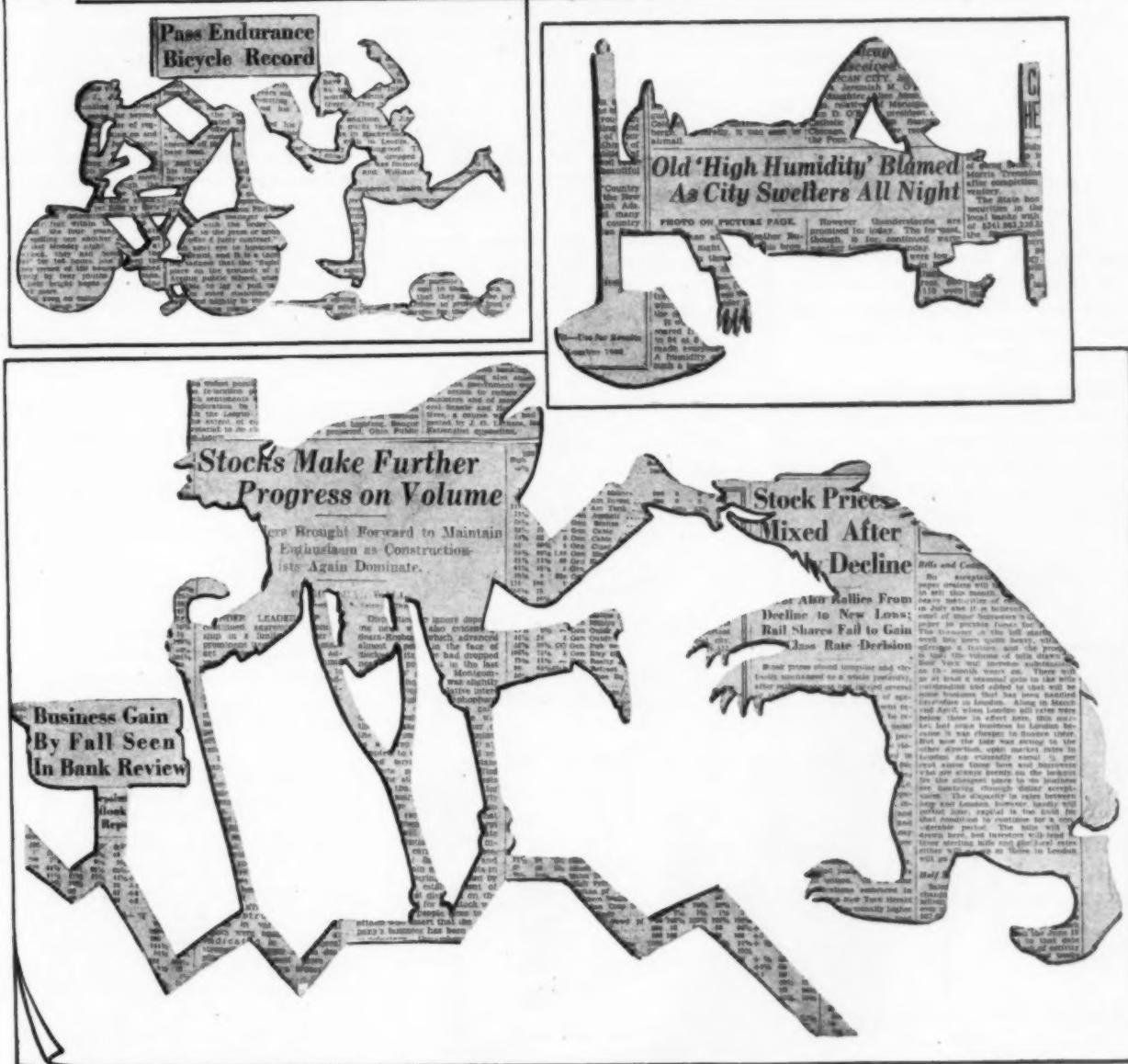
Now he plots to control delegates from the South to the next convention. Or more likely to frighten Hoover into overriding Walter Brown, now that Huston has walked the plank. He has gathered all his lieutenants of the anti-Smith campaign and is making big medicine. Huston is gone. Cannon is still a bishop, but has been pretty well discredited in non-Southern Methodist circles.

So it may be his opportunity, though the practical boys in the political game just laugh.





Reading Between the Lines”



LIFE will pay \$5 each for ideas used on this page

Life at Home

EVANSTON, Ill.—"I'll get even with you," said Miss Florence E. Steiger to Policeman George Bein when he gave her a ticket for overtime parking. "I'll get even, if it takes the rest of my life."

That happened last June.

There is little more to add, except to mention that Bein, who is thirty, and Miss Steiger, who is twenty-six, have announced their forthcoming marriage.

CLEVELAND—Prof. H. W. Woodward of the Western Reserve University investigated the value of debate and argument in ten thousand individuals. In over eighty per cent of the cases, he found all argument, no matter how sound, absolutely ineffective.

WASHINGTON — The Senate passed a law to provide for the collection of statistics on peanuts. Anybody refusing to furnish exact information on their peanut activities will be liable to a sentence of a year in jail.

DAYTON, O.—A young woman dashed into the office of County Clerk Lennon and demanded an immediate divorce. Lennon told her she would have to file suit, but the lady said she was in a great hurry and couldn't wait that long. Lennon made an impromptu survey of divorce laws for her benefit, to which the lady remarked, "It's a fine way you got of running things, that's all I can say. I've got a chance to get married again, but this fellow that wants me might not wait."

CHICAGO—The crime investigating "Committee of Fifteen" has discovered that sin in this metropolis ebbs and flows like the ocean. High tide occurs twice daily, at 4 p. m. and 10 p. m.

WORCESTER, Mass. — William Nuttall, David McDonald and Charles Cadorette were arrested for driving while intoxicated. They were operating a water wagon.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, W. Va.—William Chapin hit three straight balls into the water hazard at the eighteenth hole of the Greenbriar golf course and it made him plenty mad.

Picking up the remaining balls, he threw them in. Next he pitched in his clubs. His golf bag followed.

Chapin's caddy snickered, so Chapin tossed him in.

Chapin then jumped in himself and rescued balls, clubs, bag and caddy.

NEW YORK—William Hodge, executive director of the Welfare Council, reports that the two thousand six hundred beggars in New York City collect ten million dollars per annum. Cripples are the largest money-makers.

KANSAS CITY—In the wake of the others comes the burglary endurance contest.

Forming hasty judgment, police gave the championship to Hooker Carter and Robert Highley, found straining under the weight of a 200-pound anvil. They had already loaded a fourteen-inch bellows into a motor car.

The officers a few moments later admitted the award premature. They are willing to concede the title to whoever stole a 600-pound hammer from a contractor's pile driver.

WASHINGTON—Senator Brookhart declares that New York will be made dry "like Iowa." Reference to the annual report of the Commissioner of Prohibition showed that in 1929, federal officers arrested 314 persons for violation of the liquor laws in Iowa, assisted State officers in the arrest of 627 others; seized 88 stills, 97 still worms and 1,214 fermenters and confiscated 6,445 gallons of spirits. This is beside the purely State operations under its own dry law.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.—Frank Zion's answer to the divorce suit of his wife, Lucy, was that when he married her he didn't know she chewed tobacco and used snuff.



"If Ethel invites any more women's clubs here tomorrow night—and the night after that—I'm going to raise hell."

?-air

by Gladys Shaw Erskine

Miss Erskine is active and informed in radio matters, playing "Dolly Gray" in the "Cuckoo Hour," also dramatic and romantic leads over NBC. "Question-Air" tells about radio personalities, etc. What do you want to know?

Marathon Fan, Berkeley, Calif.: You want to know where Floyd Gibbons learned breath control and acquired speed . . . You are wrong. A speakeasy is not a university for free speech . . . Someone has said that an example of perfect harmony is a freckled face girl in a polka dotted dress leading a giraffe . . . Our idea would be Floyd Gibbons describing a blow by blow traffic tangle at Forty-second Street and Broadway, as shown by the Speedo Camera.

A prophet is without honor in his own country, and a crooner is without sound in his own orchestra . . . I can prove it! I overheard this at rehearsal . . .

RUDY (registering quiet fury): Why the devil did you boys play the verse then? You know I always sing the chorus twice . . . you've heard me do it a hundred times!

CONNECTICUT YANKEES (who have been accompanying the crooning boy for yeahs and yeahs): Whatta Ya mean "heard" you . . . we've never heard you sing!

Walter W., Atlanta, Ga.: You are interested in the canaries with Cheerio on his morning program . . . Yes. They are real and alive, and their names are *Boy Blue* and *Dickey*. . . . They sing in time to the music, and as far as I know are the only birds (with feathers) that really carry a tune. They are known as "The Cheerio Birds." Their salary is one thimble-full of birdseed for each performance, with cuttlefish for overtime.

T. W., Akron, Ohio: You ask if *Amos 'n Andy* play the other parts in their programs, or if there are additional actors . . . Amos 'n Andy do everything themselves, even to the bark

of the dog. They double in all parts, which makes them the original radio contortionists.

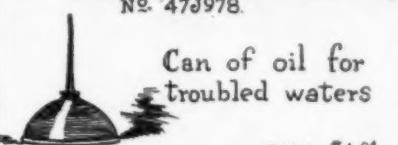
Bob T., New York City: No. *Prince Alphonso of Spain*, who was "Presented" over Columbia Broadcasting System, was a cousin of the King . . .

Don Alejandro Padilla, the Spanish Ambassador, was in a fearful state! Court etiquette forbids "introducing" Royalty . . . It's always t'other way round! . . . a C. B. S. executive, whose hair doesn't grow on ivory, suggested that they "present" him . . . and the glory of kings was saved!

OUR OWN MAIL ORDER CATALOGUE.

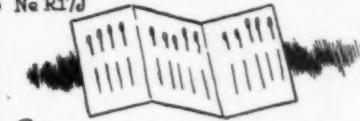
ORDER BY NUMBER.

No. 47J978.



EACH \$1.04

No R17J



Package of assorted needles for your haystack. \$8.96

No. 58B764



Per set 40¢

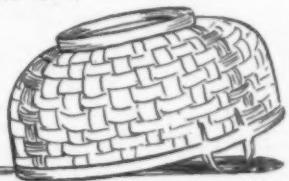
No. 3A456



Crown for uneasy lying heads to wear.

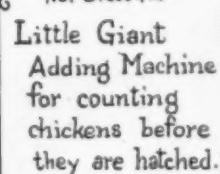
EACH \$10.98

No. 46974



Bushel to hide your light under. EACH 34

No. BR6542

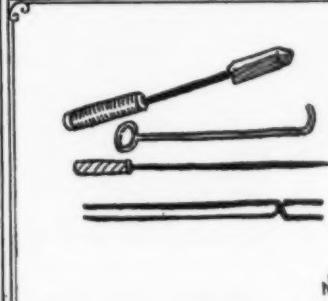


EACH 1¢

No. 54K54JL12

Complete set of two many irons for in the fire

PER SET \$14.50



Nat'l (Mallie) 30

The Family Album



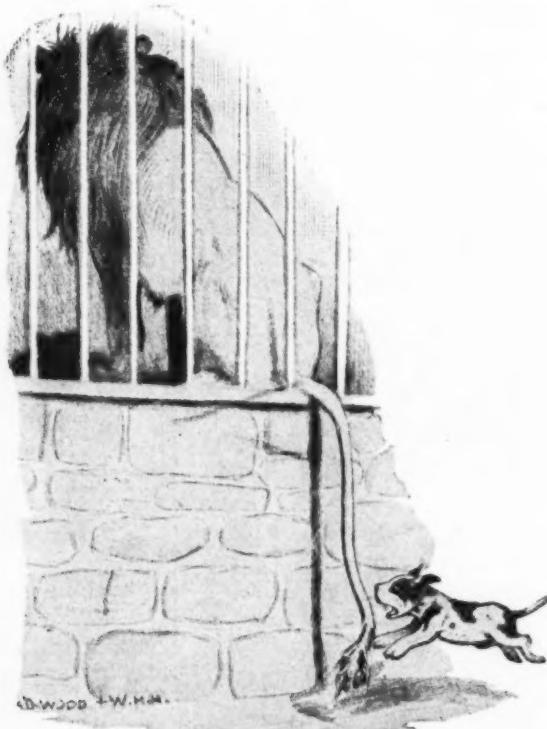
Reprinted from LIFE, Oct. 21, 1920

THE POOR LITTLE RICH BOY: Please, Mister Farmer, here's five dollars, and can I rob your orchard?



C. E. O. - C.
Reprinted from LIFE, Jan. 18, 1900

SHE: It tells here of a man in Chicago who hasn't spoken to his wife in fifteen years.
"Perhaps he didn't want to interrupt her."



D. W. DODD - W. H. D.

Reprinted from LIFE, Aug. 12, 1920
The chance of a lifetime.

Confidential Guide

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE

How LIFE readers can get good orchestra seats at box-office prices to all shows on this page indicated by stars.
See Page 28

(Listed in the order of their openings)

Comedy and Drama

- ★**STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Avon.* \$3.85—Amusing comedy treating sex as the laughing matter which it is.
- ★**THE FIRST MRS. FRASER.** *Playhouse.* \$3.85—Grace George and a good cast in a tea-cup piece featuring the recapture of an errant husband.
- ★**THE LAST MILE.** *Sam H. Harris.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Spine-rending drama made from prison mutiny.
- APRON STRINGS.** *Forty-eighth Street*—Slight comedy about a youth who learns from his romantic experiences that mother is not always right.
- ★**THE GREEN PASTURES.** *Mansfield.* \$4.40—The Pulitzer Prize play, unfolding the Scriptures as they seem to the untutored Negro mind, and punctuated with stirring spirituals.
- STEPPING SISTERS.** *Royale*—Inconsequential.
- ★**LADIES ALL.** *Morosco.* \$3.00—Entertaining doings of a lady-killer on the loose in Westport.
- ★**LYSISTRATA.** *Forty-fourth Street.* \$5.50—Platinum production of Aristophanes' big and bawdy idea for disarmament.
- ★**JOURNEY'S END.** *Henry Miller's.* \$3.00—The second edition of last season's excellent war play.
- ★**DANCING PARTNER.** *Belasco.* \$3.85—Sat. Hol. \$4.40—The Hattons' adaptation of "The Gigolo and the Princess". Notice later.
- ★**TOPAZE.** *Ethel Barrymore.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—Frank Morgan and some new associates in a return engagement of Marcel Pagnol's satire on French politics.
- ★**LOST SHEEP.** *Selwyn.* \$3.00—Sat. Hol. \$3.85—The clergyman and his fair daughters are back again in the ex-brothel.

Musical

- ★**FLYING HIGH.** *Apollo.* \$6.60—Bert Lahr in an uproarious and tuneful hit.
- ★**GARRICK GAIETIES.** *Guild.* \$3.00—A lively and humorous revue.
- ★**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *New Amsterdam.* \$6.60—Vulgar display on a large scale.
- HOT RHYTHM.** *Vanderbilt*—Notice later.

Movies

- MANSLAUGHTER, HELL'S ISLAND and OUR BLUSHING BRIDES**—In this issue.
- RAFFLES**—Ronald Colman and Kay Francis very capable in a thin story about the famous gentleman burglar.
- SINS OF THE CHILDREN**—A real tear-jerker with the noted actor, Louis Mann.

THE DAWN PATROL—Richard Barthelmess in a good war picture. Remarkable aerial photography and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. does his best work.

FOR THE DEFENSE—William Powell and Kay Francis. See it.

LET US BE GAY—Norma Shearer and Marie Dressler (or vice versa) in an amusing, if slightly slapstick, version of the stage play.

WILD COMPANY—Keep away from it.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES—Billie Dove and Clive Brook. Fair. They deserve something better.

THE CZAR OF BROADWAY—Good acting wasted on an idea that eulogizes gangsters and proves how dumb the censors are.

LOVE AMONG THE MILLIONAIRES—Mitzi Green starring with a supporting cast that includes Clara Bow.

HOLIDAY—Intelligent and highly entertaining screen version of the play. Ann Harding's performance is one of the finest things the screen has offered.

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—After you see this film you will have an even greater admiration for Byrd and his men. Floyd Gibbons describes the flight over the pole.

THE BIG HOUSE—The best prison picture, due to George Hill's direction and Wallace Beery's performance.

THE SILENT ENEMY—Story of the Indian's fight against the elements in the Canadian Northwest. By all means, see it.

Records

Columbia

- “**JUST FORGET**” and “**TO-NIGHT**”—Art Gillham back with us again, playing the piano, and being his own sentimental, doleful self.

“THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR THE SUNRISE” and

“THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING”—Ted Lewis and His Orchestra playing two old melodies with sympathy and musical finesse. An excellent number.

Brunswick

“I WISH I COULD SHIMMY LIKE MY SISTER KATE” and

“ST. LOUIS BLUES”—Lee Sims doing things to the piano—both technically and harmonically. A good record with which to preserve these old relics.

“SINGING A SONG TO THE STARS” (Movie—Way Out West) and

“MY HEART BELONGS TO THE GIRL WHO BELONGS TO SOMEBODY ELSE”—Nick Lucas sings these in his charming, croonful manner.

Victor

“Lo-Lo” (Movie)—The Sea Bat—Green Brothers Marimba Orchestra. An attractive tune treated fairly well. and

“SOMEWHERE IN OLD WYOMING”—The same gang. Dull.

“UNDER VESUVIAN SKIES”—Henry Theis and His Orchestra. Not very original but pleasant. and

“JUNE KISSES”—Henry Theis and His Orchestra. If you remove the title and the vocal chorus, the rest isn't so bad.

Sheet Music

“Laughing At Life” (No Show)

“I Know A Lazy Lane” (No show)

“A Slave To Love” (Movie—Good Intentions)

“Just A Little Closer” (Movie—Remote Control)

“It Seems To Be Spring” and

“Let's Go Native” (Movie—Let's Go Native)

(Continued on Page 30)



HALF-ROUSED GUEST AT COUNTRY HOUSE: There's a deuce of a row going on, Smithers. What on earth is the matter?

HIS MAN: It's the birds, sir, a-building of their nests. It's the —er—custom here, sir.

—Punch (by permission).

Our Foolish Contemporaries



*"I say, caddie, isn't there another course somewhere around here?"
"Yes, sir. We're on it!"*

—The Humorist.

McPherson, who owned a theatre in Dundee, visited London to get some ideas for advertising. While walking through the city he saw a notice outside a cinema to the effect that all persons over eighty years of age would be admitted free.

"Just the thing," he told himself.

The following day he returned to his native town, and the first thing he did was to put a notice outside his own theatre:

"All persons over eighty years of age will be admitted free, if accompanied by their parents."

—Tit-Bits.

The teacher was telling his class about parrot fever, and warned the pupils never to kiss animals or birds.

"Can any pupil give me an instance of this danger?" he asked.

"I can, sir," said little Jackie. "My Aunt Emily used to kiss her lap-dog!"

"Yes, and . . . ?"

"And it died!"

—Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.

More statues, declares a writer, should be placed in the middle of ornamental ponds. But very few ornamental ponds are really deep enough.

—Humorist.

Smithson was about to retire to his room for the night.

"By the way," the manager stopped him on the stairs. "What time would you like the porter to call you in the morning?"

"There's no need," returned Smithson. "I make it a practice to always wake up without being called."

"In that case," said the manager, "I wonder if you would mind calling the porter?"

—Answers.



"Excuse me, but is Mrs. Mullett living here?"

—London Opinion.

The Kansas City Star reports a Lakin, Kan., druggist who sent a shipment of ice cream by parcel post with the inscription: "If not delivered in five days, never mind."

—New York Evening Post.

The State of Virginia presented the pole-conquering Admiral with a sword, but it seems to us that an ice-pick would have been more useful.

—New York Evening Journal.

"You'll have to wait," said the guide. "I can't show you around the galleries yet. Smoking isn't allowed."

"But we're not smoking," said the visitors.

"No, but I am," replied the guide.

—Tit-Bits.

The justice of the peace in a town in Ohio had to hear and judge cases that were brought before him, and he also performed occasional marriage ceremonies. This made it difficult for him to dissociate the various functions of his office.

Everything had gone smoothly until he had asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

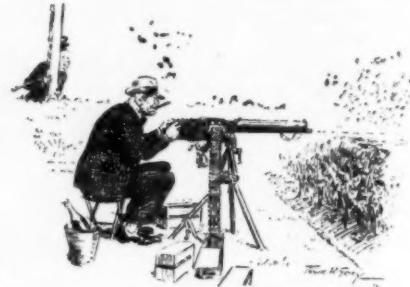
The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you," said the justice, turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your own defense?"

—Chicago Daily News.

THE FILM FAN PARSON: We will now sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which we are plugging as the theme song for this morning's service!

—The Bystander.



Domestic picture of a Chicago gangster clipping his hedge.

—Punch (by permission).

A new farm hand from the city was told one wintry morning to harness the mule. In the dark he tackled one of the cows instead of the mule.

The farmer shouted from the house: "Say, what are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled the new farm hand. "His ears are frozen."

—North Cheshire Herald.

"I think he's the meanest creature I've ever met!"

"Why?"

"Well, I've made up my mind to refuse him, and I simply can't get him to propose."

—Pearson's.

Straw berets are now worn in Paris. In London they are eaten with cream.

—London Opinion.



"Excuse me, but is Mrs. Mullett living here?"

—London Opinion.

The young man was secretly courting the dentist's daughter, and had called whilst her father was out. Suddenly his footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Oh, George," cried the girl. "You'll have to tell father you've called to have a tooth extracted."

—The Outspan, South Africa.



"The jar is going to win," says W. B. Faraday, Manager of London Branch Office

"Ingram's has done so astonishingly well with its distinctive blue jar, that more than a million men like the cool, stinging shaves it brings them! You Americans are all for the new and up-and-coming. But, however good the tube, habits aren't broken overnight! I put my shilling on the cool shaves in the good old blue jar."

W.B. Faraday

\$5,000.00 CONTEST open to everybody ... 328 Cash Prizes



"Place your money on the tube!" says J. W. Brooks, Manager of Chicago Branch Office

"In England it may be different, but this is Chicago! The great majority of men prefer a tube! A big percentage of those men who used the old jar, because of the fine cool shaves Ingram's gives, will be glad to know the new Ingram tube is here! The tube will win—put your money on it."

J.W. Brooks

"Long live the jar" cries England "Then give us the tube" says Chicago

CHICAGO and England are at it again. For Mr. Faraday, our London manager, with true British conservatism, sticks out for the cool shaves held by the historic blue Ingram jar. And our Chicago sales manager, with breezy insistence, can't see anything but a violent victory for the new blue and white tube. It's a hot fight about the coolest shaving cream ever put together.

We've stirred up the most violent partisans since we decided to give away \$5,000.00 for the best opinions as to which would win.

The Great \$5,000.00 Contest

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was brought out in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the jar as well. And remember, in five years, that jar built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926.....	751,392 Jars
1927.....	1,148,628 Jars
1928.....	1,560,828 Jars
1929.....	1,992,998 Jars

The blue jar introduced the first and best of all cool shaving creams. But many men, we know, prefer a tube. Now, they can have their choice of either package at the same price.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, *in 75 words or less*, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes	each \$10.00

Have you tried Ingram's? It was the first of all COOL shaving creams. Its three cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin *while you shave*. Your druggist carries both tube and jar. Or send the coupon for a free 10-day supply of COOL Ingram shaves. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

- Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
- Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
- You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
- If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
- Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 166, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves
Name. _____
Street. _____
City. _____ State. _____
(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free sample.)

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream



DENTAL INDEMNITY

INSURING your life isn't nearly the end of the story. There's a great deal can be said about insuring your enjoyment of life too.

And one of the first steps is to take out dental indemnity. For well-preserved teeth mean a well-preserved appetite.

That's where Squibb's Dental Cream comes in. More than most other dentifrices, Squibb's helps to preserve your teeth. It contains fifty per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia — more than enough to neutralize the dangerous acids that speed decay.

You'll like the way Squibb's keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Invest in Squibb's Dental Indemnity. Every druggist is an agent.



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM



MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. *Harper & Brothers*, \$5. A review of the universe, which has been going on now for some millions of years, by one who has lived in it for thirty-three. Heavy-light reading. Starting with the belief that religion and science are good pals, there follows much display of eclectic biography: it lifts you and carries you, in case you like being lifted and carried.

SEED, a novel of birth control, by Charles G. Norris. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.*, \$2. A real story this time, better than his *Brass*. Hard-boiled ranchman of 1890. Nine children. Story carried through by his son Bart, central character, who lands in a N. Y. Magazine and lives in L. I. Birth control? Yes, and no. Query? Is a magazine writer, capable of making "big money" justified in "throwing away his life . . . on a bunch of thankless unappreciative children?" Read the answer at the end.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, a critical anthology, edited by Louis Untermeyer. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*, \$3.50. By far the best grouping of contemporary American poets, invaluable for reference and reading. Omissions can be understood by those familiar with the difficulties, but why did he leave out Arthur Guiterman? Because of his humor, his philosophy, his Americanism, his rhythmical perfection, his wide following among the most highly intelligent? Fie on you, brother Untermeyer!

I LIVED THIS STORY, by Betty White. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.*, \$1. How the English language is done to death in a modern co-educational university here told, with the more or less disgusting realism of undergraduates, portrayed with undeniable cleverness and unsparing vulgarity, shot through with occasional gleams of adolescent genuine sentiment. Latest emanation of the old Scott Fitzgerald school.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. 8¢ sample Abbott's Bitters for 25¢ Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

(28)

LIFE'S Ticket Service

*We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

*If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City

Purchase Order

Dear LIFE
I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show)

(No. Seats) (Date)

(Alternates)

(Name)

(Address)

Check for \$..... Enclosed

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Previously acknowledged \$25,912.62
Mrs. Robert C. Love, New Castle,

Pa. 50.00
C. E. Plumridge, Westfield, N. J. 10.00

Anonymous, D. W. H. H., New York 5.00

In Memory of F. M. Rogers 25.00

Mrs. J. R. Lovejoy, Schenectady 100.00

Mrs. Philip M. Stimson, New York 10.00

Mrs. Win. A. Luke, Covington, Va. 50.00

S. Le Roy French, New York 10.00

Miss Laura F. Craft, Glen Cove 5.00

M. L. Kincaid, St. Louis 2.00

Mildred McCready, Raton, N. Mex. 2.50

"Jennie R." 10.00

P. B. W. & T. S. Childs, Jr., Hol-

yoke, Mass. 25.00

S. C. W. 75.00

William T. Morris, Bridgeport, Conn. 25.00

R. A. Weaver, Lakewood, O. 25.00

Edward C. Wodruff, Montclair, ad-

ditional 26.50

L. H. I., Chagrin Falls 250.00

Clayton P. Chamberlin, Windsor, Conn. 25.00

Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wickersham, New York 20.00

Hazel W. Nelson, Brooklyn 10.00

C. V. V. 5.00

Etta M. Burgess, West Newton, Mass. 10.00

Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Tolles, Jr., Wil-

loughby, O. 25.00

Saidee B. Sanford, Plainfield, N. J. 5.00

"Hold Ups" at Coniscot, Santa

Monica Canyon, Cal. 25.00

"In Memory of Laura Cotheal

Andrew" 10.00

Miss Gertrude Keeler, Lincoln, Neb. 25.00

Mrs. C. L. La Monte, Columbus, O. 5.00

Mrs. Carll Tucker, Mt. Kisco 25.00

B. Leamy, State College, Pa. 5.00

Mrs. Robert H. Paul, Jr., Lake Sun-

apee, N. H. 25.00

Memory of Grace Mills Carr 5.00

Anonymous, Rutherford, N. J. 25.00

The Millis Children, Carmel by the

Sea, Cal. 5.00

Mrs. Morrison, Weirs, N. H. 25.00

Robert C. Beatty, New York 5.00

C. M. Stoddart, Warren, Pa. 10.00

W. Eugene Kimball, New York

"In Memory of William Baker

Whelen" 15.00

John C. Bell, Jr., Philadelphia 25.00

R. N. Field, Cincinnati 20.00

John C. Kirkpatrick, Cambridge, Mass. 5.00

Anne H. Nicolls, Reading, Pa. 25.00

Lee H. Bristol, New York 5.00

Mrs. Charles B. Barnes, Jr., Hing-

ham, Mass. 5.00

Jack Blackburn, Lake Arrowhead, Cal. 25.00

C. J. McCarthy, Hartford, Conn. 5.00

Mrs. Moses Taylor, Newport 15.00

Dorothy Bowditch Rogers, Dedham, Mass. 100.00

E. H. Campbell, Cataumet, Mass. 25.00

Carroll Paul, Marquette, Mich. 25.00

Marian, Katharine, Robert & Lynn

Sherwood, Beatrice, Neb. 10.00

5.00



KEEPS TEETH WHITE

A winning smile gets you ahead in the world.

And snowy white teeth are what give your smile its winning brightness.

Don't let dull teeth rob your smile of its sunshine. Chew Dentyne and keep them clean and pearl-like—with the gum especially made to keep teeth white. Chew delicious Dentyne — the highest quality gum made today.

Chew DENTYNE . . . and smile!

M. Anna Robison, Bradford, Pa.	10.00	Anonymous, Montreal 25.00
Jane Wells Townsend, Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. E. F. Hessenmueller, Cleveland 5.00
Mary C. Prizer, East Orange, N. J.	10.00	G. L. Cobb, New York 10.00
Chester Warner, Sunderland, Mass.	25.00	"From M. D. F." 25.00
Miss May Lynah, Charleston, S. C.	50.00	Mrs. Edgar Hoag, New York 10.00
Miss Carrie B. Beall, Hampton, Va.	20.00	Susan Mary Neuberger 15.00
Dr. Robert W. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.	5.00	In Memory of Lloyd 10.00
Mrs. L. M. Dickinson, Edgartown, Mass.	10.00	Frederick W. Barker, Syracuse 40.00
Mrs. Gino Speranza, Irvington-on-Hudson	5.00	Sunday Church Collection, Camp Passumpsic, Ely, Vt. 10.11
Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, Glen Head, L. I.	20.00	From A. G. H., Cambridge, Mass. 3.00
In Memory of M. L. H.	5.00	Mrs. Edward M. Cope, Redlands, Cal. 10.00
Georgine	50.00	Mrs. Carll Tucker, New York 100.00
Miss M. F. Hunt, Port Chester, N. Y.	5.00	R. M. Thompson, Erie, Pa. 10.00
Henry, Peter, Francis & Rowland, Sandy Spring, Md.	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. Howard W. Seidell, Pasadena 1.00
Mrs. G. H. W., York, Pa.	5.00	K. S., Providence 25.00
R. F. Burnham, Pasadena	5.00	
Mrs. S. E. Weil, Katonah, N. Y.	10.00	\$27,879.73
In Memory of Tiny	5.00	
Mrs. H. M. Gibson, Bristol, R. I.	5.00	
Miss A. I. Lyman, New York	10.00	
Mrs. Robert R. Griswold, Binghamton, N. Y.	5.00	
Frederick G. Lieb, White Plains	2.00	
R. F. G., White Plains	5.00	
In Memory of my Husband	25.00	





**"Don't shoot! I'll tell you where the jewels are!"
"Jewels, me eye! Where's the Flit? Lady, the mosquitoes
here are awful!"**

—Advt.

"The horse you sold me last week is a fine animal, but I can't get him to hold his head up."

"That's because of his pride. He'll hold it up as soon as he's paid for."

—Gutierrez, Madrid.

"John," said the Chicago wife, "what made you jump so?"

"Oh," he replied, "when I heard those two bangs I thought at first it was those two old tires blowing out, but when I heard the bullets whiz by I knew we were all right."

—Mercury.

"I could lend you five shillings, but lending money only breaks friendship."

"Oh well, we were never very good friends." —Everybody's Weekly.

A terrific battle between a shark and a whale off the coast of Florida is reported in the news columns. We don't know how it finally came out, but we assume the whale gave in and bought the real estate.

—New York Evening Post.

OFFICER (saluting): A flag of truce, your excellency.

HIS EXCELLENCY: What do the rebel dogs want?

OFFICER: They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk.

—Capper's Magazine.

Answers to Anagrins

on Page 14

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| (1) Vinegar. | (3) Dummies. |
| (2) Tigress. | (4) Vigilance. |
| (5) Chagrin. | |

Confidential Guide

(Continued from Page 25)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★—(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BILTMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Lown's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Barney Rapp's orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Good music. Good food.

★ST. REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.

Winners in LIFE's Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 49



Jump for your life, Mister!

Raymond Bloch,

65 Ohio Avenue,

Long Beach, L. I.

For explanation: Crashing into the "Four Hundred."

Mrs. Henry McClelland,

Robt. E. Lee Apts.,

Nashville, Tenn.

For explanation: Small things sometimes upset the great.

Stephen G. Simpson,

Diamond, Maine.

For explanation: "A word to the wise."

H. G. Crowder,

109 N. Market St.,

Chicago, Ill.

For explanation: When youth runs wild, some warning must be given.

85¢

SILVER KING

3

Silver King

THE KING OF THEM ALL

When in NEW YORK

May we suggest the added pleasure of stopping at this distinguished, centrally located, Residential Hotel!

Continental Cuisine

We request advance reservations for Transient Accommodations.

LOMBARDY

111 EAST 56TH STREET
JUST OFF PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

McGraw-Hill Book Company



For Washing Glassware NEW AMMO Outshines ALL

NO soap product can make glassware glitter and glisten like NEW AMMO—none leaves glassware so utterly free of grease film. Suds may clean and hand polishing may brighten, but nothing makes glassware sparkle clear so quickly and so easily as a dash of NEW AMMO in the water.

Instead of liquid ammonia, use NEW AMMO. It does everything ammonia will do, does many difficult cleaning tasks even better. Most important, NEW AMMO will not hurt the hands!

NEW AMMO is a soft powder packed in a sifter can. It is far handier than liquid ammonia. There's no glass to break, no evaporation. It's more economical because it goes further.

Brighten glassware and china, wash windows, woodwork and linoleum, soften water and whiten clothes with NEW AMMO. At your dealer's in the red, white and blue package.

American Ammonia Co., 60 Warren St., N. Y. City
makers of PYR-PRUF STOVE & NICKEL POLISH



Ponce De Leon did a Marathon all over Florida seeking the Fountain of Youth . . . Ponce had been listening to some whoopeeyarns back home.

Modern Ponce De Leons are stringing along with Pickwick and giving Father Time quite a battle at that.

**PICKWICK
PALE and STOUT**
THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants
Bottled only at the brewery of
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.

The prediction is made by a chemist that the drug stores ultimately will abandon sandwiches and soup, and we guess that the step is to be taken because restaurants are threatening to put in aspirin counters.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

"What steps ought to be taken," asks a writer, "to reduce the number of street accidents?" We suggest long, quick ones.

—*The Humorist*.



"But Auntie, it's only a small snake, and I'll take care of it myself."

Our Foolish Contemporaries



*"I say, caddie, isn't there another course somewhere around here?"
"Yes, sir. We're on it!"*



—The Humorist.

McPherson, who owned a theatre in Dundee, visited London to get some ideas for advertising. While walking through the city he saw a notice outside a cinema to the effect that all persons over eighty years of age would be admitted free.

"Just the thing," he told himself.

The following day he returned to his native town, and the first thing he did was to put a notice outside his own theatre:

"All persons over eighty years of age will be admitted free, if accompanied by their parents."

—Tit-Bits.

The teacher was telling his class about parrot fever, and warned the pupils never to kiss animals or birds.

"Can any pupil give me an instance of this danger?" he asked.

"I can, sir," said little Jackie. "My Aunt Emily used to kiss her lap-dog!"

"Yes, and . . . ?"

"And it died!"

—Lustige Kolner Zeitung, Cologne.

More statues, declares a writer, should be placed in the middle of ornamental ponds. But very few ornamental ponds are really deep enough.

—Humorist.

Smithson was about to retire to his room for the night.

"By the way," the manager stopped him on the stairs. "What time would you like the porter to call you in the morning?"

"There's no need," returned Smithson. "I make it a practice to always wake up without being called."

"In that case," said the manager, "I wonder if you would mind calling the porter?"

—Answers.

The Kansas City Star reports a Lakin, Kan., druggist who sent a shipment of ice cream by parcel post with the inscription: "If not delivered in five days, never mind."

—New York Evening Post.

The State of Virginia presented the pole-conquering Admiral with a sword, but it seems to us that an ice-pick would have been more useful.

—New York Evening Journal.

"You'll have to wait," said the guide. "I can't show you around the galleries yet. Smoking isn't allowed."

"But we're not smoking," said the visitors.

"No, but I am," replied the guide.

—Tit-Bits.



"Excuse me, but is Mrs. Mullett living here?" —London Opinion.

The justice of the peace in a town in Ohio had to hear and judge cases that were brought before him, and he also performed occasional marriage ceremonies. This made it difficult for him to dissociate the various functions of his office.

Everything had gone smoothly until he had asked one bride, "Do you take this man to be your husband?"

The bride nodded emphatically.

"And you," said the justice, turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your own defense?"

—Chicago Daily News.

THE FILM FAN PARSON: We will now sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," which we are plugging as the theme song for this morning's service!

—The Bystander.



Domestic picture of a Chicago gangster clipping his hedge.

—Punch (by permission).

A new farm hand from the city was told one wintry morning to harness the mule. In the dark he tackled one of the cows instead of the mule.

The farmer shouted from the house: "Say, what are you doing?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," yelled the new farm hand. "His ears are frozen."

—North Cheshire Herald.

"I think he's the meanest creature I've ever met!"

"Why?"

"Well, I've made up my mind to refuse him, and I simply can't get him to propose."

—Pearson's.

Straw berets are now worn in Paris. In London they are eaten with cream.

—London Opinion.

The young man was secretly courting the dentist's daughter, and had called whilst her father was out. Suddenly his footsteps were heard on the stairs.

"Oh, George," cried the girl. "You'll have to tell father you've called to have a tooth extracted."

—The Outspan, South Africa.



"The jar is going to win," says W. B. Faraday, Manager of London Branch Office

"Ingram's has done so astonishingly well with its distinctive blue jar, that more than a million men like the cool, stinging shaves it brings them! You Americans are all for the new and up-and-coming. But, however good the tube, habits aren't broken overnight! I put my money on the cool shaves in the good old blue jar."

W.B. Faraday

\$5,000.00 CONTEST open to everybody ... 328 Cash Prizes



"Place your money on the tube!" says J. W. Brooks, Manager of Chicago Branch Office

"In England it may be different, but this is Chicago! The great majority of men prefer a tube! A big percentage of those men who used the old jar, because of the fine cool shaves Ingram's gives, will be glad to know the new Ingram tube is here! The tube will win—put your money on it."

J. W. Brooks

"Long live the jar" cries England "Then give us the tube" says Chicago

CHICAGO and England are at it again. For Mr. Faraday, our London manager, with true British conservatism, sticks out for the cool shaves held by the historic blue Ingram jar. And our Chicago sales manager, with breezy insistence, can't see anything but a violent victory for the new blue and white tube. It's a hot fight about the coolest shaving cream ever put together.

We've stirred up the most violent partisans since we decided to give away \$5,000.00 for the best opinions as to which would win.

The Great \$5,000.00 Contest

Shortly before January 1st, Ingram's was brought out in the new tube. Of course, it's still sold in the jar as well. And remember, in five years, that jar built one of the largest shaving cream businesses in the world!

Here are Ingram's sales for the last four years:

1926.....	751,392 Jars
1927.....	1,148,628 Jars
1928.....	1,560,828 Jars
1929.....	1,992,998 Jars

The blue jar introduced the first and best of all cool shaving creams. But many men, we know, prefer a tube. Now, they can have their choice of either package at the same price.

Consider the relative advantages of the tube and jar. Then write, in 75 words or less, how you think the new tube will "go over"—how it will sell in comparison with the famous old jar and what effect it will have on the established sales of the jar. Predict, if you like, just how many tubes will be sold. Neatness, brevity and logic of reasoning, not your prediction, will be the factors that count in awarding the prizes.

To the 328 contestants who submit the best opinions, we'll give \$5,000.00 in cash prizes as follows:

First prize	\$1,000.00
Second prize	\$500.00
Third prize	\$250.00
Next 325 prizes each	\$10.00

Have you tried Ingram's? It was the first of all COOL shaving creams. Its three cooling and soothing ingredients tighten and tone the skin while you shave. Your druggist carries both tube and jar. Or send the coupon for a free 10-day supply of COOL Ingram shaves. But whether you use Ingram's or not, enter the contest!

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

- Contest closes at midnight, December 31st, 1930. Entries postmarked later will not be considered. To insure absolute fairness we have engaged Liberty Magazine to act as the judges. Their decisions will be final. Names of winners will be published as early as possible in 1931.
- Contest is free and open to any person except employees of Bristol-Myers Co. (the makers of Ingram's) and Liberty Magazine, and their relatives. You need not buy nor subscribe to this or any other magazine, nor buy or use Ingram's Shaving Cream, to compete.
- You may submit as many opinions as you wish during the period of the contest, but none must exceed 75 words in length. Submit each opinion on a separate single sheet of paper, legibly written or typed on one side only, your name and address at top.
- If two or more contestants submit opinions of equal merit, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each.
- Address Contest entries to Ingram's Shaving Cream, Box 166, General Post Office, New York, N. Y. Contestants agree that entries become the property of Bristol-Myers Co. and may be used by them, in whole or in part, for advertising or other purposes. Entries cannot be returned, nor can Bristol-Myers Co. or the judges engage in correspondence about the contest.

Clip Coupon for 10 COOL SHAVES

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
Box 366, General Post Office
New York, N. Y.

I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____
(Coupon has nothing to do with contest. Use only if you want free samples.)

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream



DENTAL INDEMNITY

INSURING your life isn't nearly the end of the story. There's a great deal can be said about insuring your enjoyment of life too.

And one of the first steps is to take out dental indemnity. For well-preserved teeth mean a well-preserved appetite.

That's where Squibb's Dental Cream comes in. More than most other dentifrices, Squibb's helps to preserve your teeth. It contains fifty per cent Squibb's Milk of Magnesia — more than enough to neutralize the dangerous acids that speed decay.

You'll like the way Squibb's keeps your teeth white and sparkling. Invest in Squibb's Dental Indemnity. Every druggist is an agent.



SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM



MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies. *Harper & Brothers*, \$5. A review of the universe, which has been going on now for some millions of years, by one who has lived in it for thirty-three. Heavy-light reading. Starting with the belief that religion and science are good pals, there follows much display of eclectic biography: it lifts you and carries you, in case you like being lifted and carried.

SEED, a novel of birth control, by Charles G. Norris. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.*, \$2. A real story this time, better than his *Brass*. Hard-boiled ranchman of 1890. Nine children. Story carried through by his son Bart, central character, who lands in a N. Y. Magazine and lives in L. I. Birth control? Yes, and no. Query? Is a magazine writer, capable of making "big money" justified in "throwing away his life . . . on a bunch of thankless unappreciative children?" Read the answer at the end.

MODERN AMERICAN POETRY, a critical anthology, edited by Louis Untermeyer. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*, \$3.50. By far the best grouping of contemporary American poets, invaluable for reference and reading. Omissions can be understood by those familiar with the difficulties, but why did he leave out Arthur Guiterman? Because of his humor, his philosophy, his Americanism, his rhythmical perfection, his wide following among the most highly intelligent? Fie on you, brother Untermeyer!

I LIVED THIS STORY, by Betty White. *Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc.*, \$1. How the English language is done to death in a modern co-educational university here told, with the more or less disgusting realism of undergraduates, portrayed with undeniable cleverness and unsparing vulgarity, shot through with occasional gleams of adolescent genuine sentiment. Latest emanation of the old Scott Fitzgerald school.

Glass of Soda with tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters a good tonic and palatable. Get sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland

LIFE'S Ticket Service

★We render this service without profit solely in the interest of our readers.

★If you are going to be in New York, LIFE's Ticket Service will not only save you money but an extra trip to the box-office.

Good seats are available for attractions indicated in the Confidential Guide by STARS and at PRICES noted.

All orders for tickets must reach LIFE Office at least seven days before date of performance. Check for exact amount must be attached to each Purchase Order.

Receipt will be sent to purchaser by return mail. This must be presented at the box-office on the evening of the performance.

IN ORDER TO KEEP TICKETS OUT OF THE HANDS OF TICKET SCALPERS SEATS WILL BE HELD AT THE BOX-OFFICE AND WILL NOT BE RELEASED UNTIL AFTER EIGHT O'CLOCK ON THE NIGHT OF THE PERFORMANCE.

In selecting attractions, purchasers are asked to name two alternative choices of shows with each selection, in case LIFE's quota of seats for that performance is exhausted. Remittance will have to cover the cost of the highest priced seats requested. Any excess amount will be refunded.

LIFE will be glad to make appropriate selections for purchasers if they will indicate with order the type of show preferred and remit amount to cover top prices. Any excess amount will be refunded.

NO ORDERS FOR SEATS TAKEN OVER THE TELEPHONE.

NO MONEY REFUNDED ON ORDERS WITHOUT SEVEN DAYS' NOTICE.

LIFE'S TICKET SERVICE 60 East 42nd St., New York City Purchase Order

Dear LIFE
I want tickets for the following shows:

(Name of Show) _____

(No. Seats) _____ (Date) _____

(Alternates) _____

(Name) _____

(Address) _____

Check for \$ _____ Enclosed

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty-three years. In that time it has expended over \$547,000 and has provided more than 53,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Twenty-five dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Previously acknowledged \$25,912.62
Mrs. Robert C. Love, New Castle,

Pa. 50.00
C. E. Plumridge, Westfield, N. J. 10.00
Anonymous, D. W. H. H., New

York 5.00
In Memory of F. M. Rogers 25.00

Mrs. J. R. Lovejoy, Schenectady 100.00

Mrs. Philip M. Stinson, New York 10.00

Mrs. Wm. A. Luke, Covington, Va. 50.00

S. Le Roy French, New York 10.00

Miss Laura F. Craft, Glen Cove 5.00

M. L. Kincaid, St. Louis 2.00

Mildred McCready, Raton, N. Mex. 2.50

"Jennie R." 10.00

P. B. W. & T. S. Childs, Jr., Hol-

yoke, Mass. 25.00

S. C. W. 75.00

William T. Morris, Bridgeport,

Conn. 25.00

R. A. Weaver, Lakewood, O. 25.00

Edward C. Wodruff, Montclair, ad-

ditional 26.50

L. H. I., Chagrin Falls 250.00

Clayton P. Chamberlin, Windsor,

Conn. 25.00

Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Wickersham, New

York 20.00

Hazel W. Nelson, Brooklyn 10.00

C. V. V. 5.00

Ella M. Burgess, West Newton,

Mass. 10.00

Mr. & Mrs. S. H. Tolles, Jr., Wil-

loughby, O. 25.00

Sadie B. Sanford, Plainfield, N. J. 5.00

"Hold Ups" at Coniscot, Santa

Monica Canyon, Cal. 25.00

"In Memory of Laura Cotheal

Andrew" 10.00

Miss Gertrude Keelor, Lincoln, Neb. 25.00

Mrs. C. L. La Monte, Columbus, O. 10.00

Mrs. Carl Tucker, Mt. Kisco 25.00

B. Leahy, State College, Pa. 5.00

Mrs. Robert H. Paul, Jr., Lake Sun-

apee, N. H. 5.00

Memory of Grace Mills Carr 25.00

Anonymous, Rutherford, N. J. 5.00

The Millis Children, Carmel by the

Sea, Cal. 5.00

Mrs. Morrison, Weirs, N. H. 5.00

Robert C. Beatty, New York 10.00

C. M. Stoddart, Warren, Pa. 5.00

W. Eugene Kimball, New York 25.00

"In Memory of William Baker

Whelen" 15.00

John C. Bell, Jr., Philadelphia 25.00

R. N. Field, Cincinnati 20.00

John C. Kirkpatrick, Cambridge,

Mass. 25.00

Annie H. Nicolls, Reading, Pa. 30.00

Lee H. Bristol, New York 5.00

Mrs. Charles B. Barnes, Jr., Hing-

ham, Mass. 25.00

Jack Blackburn, Lake Arrowhead,

Cal. 5.00

C. J. McCarthy, Hartford, Conn. 15.00

Mrs. Moses Taylor, Newport 100.00

Dorothy Bowditch Rogers, Dedham,

Mass. 25.00

E. H. Campbell, Cataumet, Mass. 25.00

Carroll Paul, Marquette, Mich. 10.00

Marian, Katharine, Robert & Lynn

Sherwood, Beatrice, Neb. 5.00



KEEPS TEETH WHITE

A winning smile gets you ahead in the world.

And snowy white teeth are what give your smile its winning brightness.

Don't let dull teeth rob your smile of its sunshine. Chew Dentyne and keep them clean and pearl-like—with the gum especially made to keep teeth white. Chew delicious Dentyne — the highest quality gum made today.

Chew Dentyne . . . and smile!

M. Anna Robison, Bradford, Pa.	10.00	Anonymous, Montreal	25.00
Jane Wells Townsend, Ft. Hamilton, N. Y.	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. E. F. Hessenmueller, Cleveland	5.00
Mary C. Prizer, East Orange, N. J.	10.00	G. L. Cobb, New York	10.00
Chester Warner, Sunderland, Mass.	25.00	"From M. D. F."	25.00
Miss May Lynah, Charleston, S. C.	50.00	Mrs. Edgar Hoag, New York	10.00
Miss Carrie B. Beall, Hampton, Va.	20.00	Susan Mary Neuberger	15.00
Dr. Robert W. Rogers, Plainfield, N. J.	5.00	In Memory of Lloyd	10.00
Mrs. L. M. Dickinson, Edgartown, Mass.	10.00	Frederick W. Barker, Syracuse	40.00
Mrs. Gino Speranza, Irvington-on-Hudson	5.00	Sunday Church Collection, Camp Passumpsic, Ely, Vt.	10.11
Mrs. J. H. Tuttle, Glen Head, L. I.	20.00	From A. G. H., Cambridge, Mass.	3.00
In Memory of M. L. H.	5.00	Mrs. Edward M. Cope, Redlands, Cal.	10.00
Georgine	50.00	Mrs. Carl Tucker, New York	100.00
Miss M. F. Hunt, Port Chester, N. Y.	5.00	R. M. Thompson, Erie, Pa.	10.00
Henry, Peter, Francis & Rowland, Sandy Spring, Md.	5.00	Mr. & Mrs. Howard W. Seidell, Pasadena	1.00
Mrs. G. H. W., York, Pa.	25.00	K. S., Providence	25.00
R. F. Burnham, Pasadena	5.00		\$27,879.73
Mrs. S. E. Weil, Katonah, N. Y.	10.00		
In Memory of Tiny	5.00		
Mrs. H. M. Gibson, Bristol, R. I.	10.00		
Miss A. I. Lyman, New York	5.00		
Mrs. Robert R. Griswold, Binghamton, N. Y.	2.00		
Frederick G. Lieb, White Plains	5.00		
R. F. G., White Plains	25.00		
In Memory of my Husband	10.00		



Confidential Guide (Continued from Page 25)

Hotels for Dining and Dancing

C—(Cover Charge)

★—(Must Dress)

AMBASSADOR GREEN ROOM, Park at 51st. No cover. Harold Stern's orchestra.

ASTOR ROOF, Broadway at 44th. C(after 9 o'clock) \$1.00. Myer Davis Orchestra.

BALTIMORE CASCADES, Madison at 43rd Street. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Bert Low's Orchestra.

NEW YORKER TERRACE RESTAURANT, 8th Ave. at 34th. C(after 10 o'clock) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.00 Saturdays. Barney Rapp's orchestra.

PARK CENTRAL ROOF, 7th Ave. at 55th. C(after 9:30) \$1.00 week-days; \$2.50 Saturdays. Don Bigelow Orchestra. Dances by Easter and Hazelton.

RITZ CARLTON ROOF, Madison at 46th. No cover. Ritz Orchestra.

ROOSEVELT GRILL, Madison at 45th. No cover. Good music. Good food.

★REGIS ROOF, 5th Ave. at 55th. C\$2 (after 10 o'clock) Vincent Lopez orchestra. Dances by Veloz and Yolanda.



**"Don't shoot! I'll tell you where the jewels are!"
"Jewels, me eye! Where's the Flit? Lady, the mosquitoes here are awful!"**

—Advt.

"The horse you sold me last week is a fine animal, but I can't get him to hold his head up."

"That's because of his pride. He'll hold it up as soon as he's paid for."

—Gutierrez, Madrid.

"John," said the Chicago wife, "what made you jump so?"

"Oh," he replied, "when I heard those two bangs I thought at first it was those two old tires blowing out, but when I heard the bullets whiz by I knew we were all right."

—Mercury.

"I could lend you five shillings, but lending money only breaks friendship."

"Oh well, we were never very good friends." —Everybody's Weekly.

A terrific battle between a shark and a whale off the coast of Florida is reported in the news columns. We don't know how it finally came out, but we assume the whale gave in and bought the real estate.

—New York Evening Post.

OFFICER (saluting): A flag of truce, your excellency.

HIS EXCELLENCY: What do the rebel dogs want?

OFFICER: They would like to exchange a couple of generals for a can of condensed milk.

—Capper's Magazine.

Answers to Anagrins

on Page 14

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| (1) Vinegar. | (3) Dummies. |
| (2) Tigress. | (4) Vigilance. |
| (5) Chagrin. | |

Winners in LIFE'S Cross Word Picture Puzzle No. 49



Jump for your life, Mister!

Raymond Bloch,

65 Ohio Avenue,

Long Beach, L. I.

For explanation: Crushing into the "Four Hundred."

Mrs. Henry McClelland,

Robt. E. Lee Apts.,

Nashville, Tenn.

For explanation: Small things sometimes upset the great.

Stephen G. Simpson,

Dixmont, Maine.

For explanation: "A word to the wise."

H. G. Crowder,

109 N. Market St.,

Chicago, Ill.

For explanation: When youth runs wild, stern warning must be given.

85¢

SILVER KING

3

Silver King

THE KING O' THEM ALL

When in NEW YORK

May we suggest the added pleasure of stopping at this distinguished, centrally located, Residential Hotel!

Continental Cuisine

We request advance reservations for Transient Accommodations.

LOMBARDY

111 EAST 56TH STREET
JUST OFF PARK AVENUE NEW YORK

Direction: Bernick Hotels Corporation



For Washing Glassware NEW AMMO Outshines ALL

NO soap product can make glassware glitter and glisten like NEW AMMO—none leaves glassware so utterly free of grease film. Suds may clean and hand polishing may brighten, but nothing makes glassware sparkle clear so quickly and so easily as a dash of NEW AMMO in the water.

Instead of liquid ammonia, use NEW AMMO. It does everything ammonia will do, does many difficult cleaning tasks even better. Most important, NEW AMMO will not hurt the hands!

NEW AMMO is a soft powder packed in a sifter can. It is far handier than liquid ammonia. There's no glass to break, no evaporation. It's more economical because it goes further.

Brighten glassware and china, wash windows, woodwork and linoleum, soften water and whiten clothes with NEW AMMO. At your dealer's in the red, white and blue package.

American Ammone Co., 60 Warren St., N. Y. City
makers of FYR-PRUF STOVE & NICKEL POLISH

PICKWICK PALE
MADE BY
NEW ENGLAND BREWERY CO.
BOSTON, MASS.
N. E. Breweries Ltd.
London, E. C. England
CONTAINS 10 FLUID OZS.
ALCOHOL 4.5% VOL.
ILLUSTRATION BY R. B. WILSON

-BAH!
EET EES
NOT EET!

Ponce De Leon did a Marathon all over Florida seeking the Fountain of Youth . . . Ponce had been listening to some whoopeeyarns back home. Modern Ponce De Leons are stringing along with Pickwick and giving Father Time quite a battle at that.

PICKWICK PALE and STOUT
THE TANG OF GOOD OLD ALE

At the better clubs, hotels and restaurants
Bottled only at the brewery of
HAFFENREFFER & CO., Boston, Mass.

The prediction is made by a chemist that the drug stores ultimately will abandon sandwiches and soup, and we guess that the step is to be taken because restaurants are threatening to put in aspirin counters.

—Ohio State Journal.

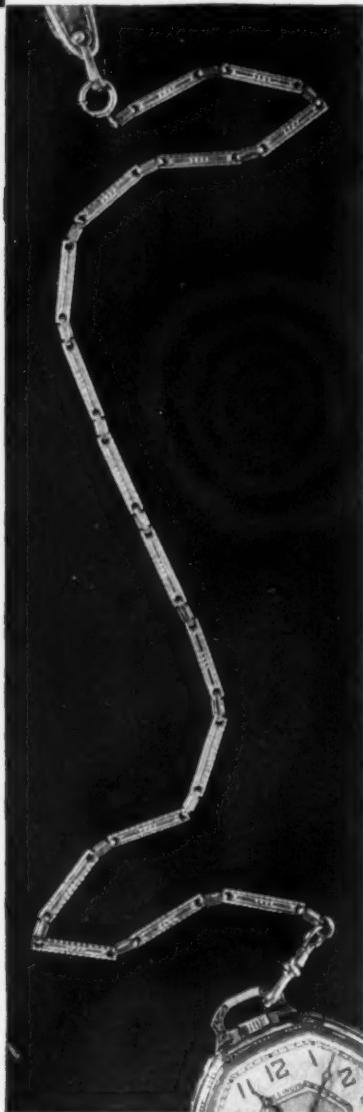
"What steps ought to be taken," asks a writer, "to reduce the number of street accidents?" We suggest long, quick ones.

—The Humorist.



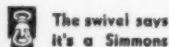
"But Auntie, it's only a small snake, and I'll take care of it myself."

**FOR APPEARANCE'S SAKE
WEAR A WATCH-CHAIN**



THE right watch-chain is part and parcel of a man's personality. It adds a requisite note of smartness... it reflects, in a subtle manner, his own instructed taste. . . . Make yours a Simmons Chain! Designed in the modern spirit, with fresh contours and cleanly fashioned lines, a Simmons Chain still costs very little. And it will do justice to your fine watch! The attractive Oxford model above, 54, was made especially for a leading American watch and is priced at \$8.25, alone. Your jeweler will be glad to show you his assortment of Simmons Chains . . . chains to guard your pocket-watch, knife, keys, or emblem! R. F. Simmons Co., Attleboro, Massachusetts.

**SIMMONS
CHAINS**

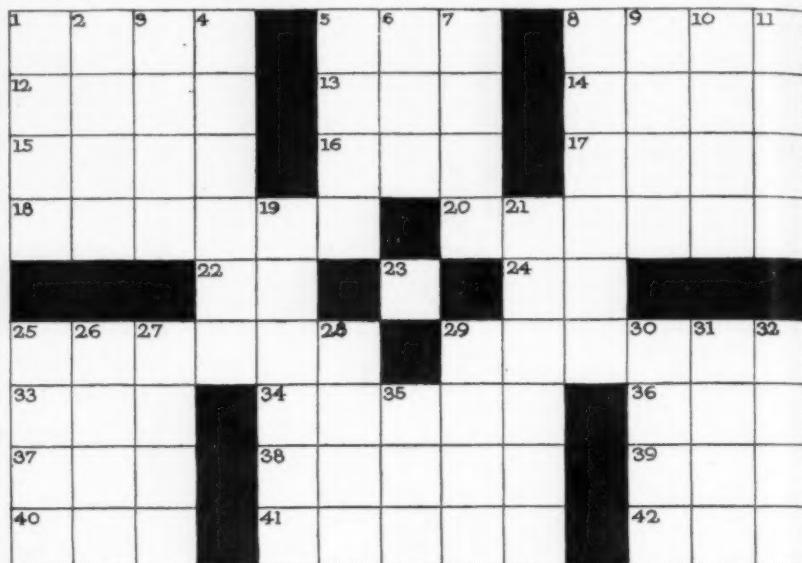


LIFE'S CROSS WORD PICTURE PUZZLE NO. 54

After you have solved the puzzle and got the correct title for the picture, the words of which are in the puzzle, give your explanation of it in not more than 15 words.

Send in the completed puzzle with the title and your explanation. The cleverest explanations will be printed, and LIFE will pay \$5 for each one accepted.

Send all puzzles to Puzzle Editor, LIFE, 60 East 42nd Street, New York. Contest for this issue closes Sept. 6.



ACROSS

1. The light of the Old Homestead.
 5. The Army toast.
 8. They leave their bones all over the earth.
 12. An elaborate solo.
 13. Feminine name.
 14. Goo-Goo eyes.
 15. To do this you must deliver the goods.
 16. What naughty little boys grow up to be.
 17. Early American.
 18. All bets are off without these.
 20. Prize.
 22. Compass point.
 23. Indefinite article.
 24. Toward.
 25. Babies cry for it, and men cry over it.
 29. Mind of a prohibitionist.
 33. Alleged to have started a great race.
 34. Church officer.
 36. Unit.
 37. To understand in Scotch.
 38. A relative.
 39. More powerful than a King.
 40. Conclusion of an operation.
 41. These hold their liquor well.
 42. You see it when you're angry.
1. This never comes first.
 2. The front yard.
 3. This gets left on the doorstep.
 4. Sickest looking.
 5. Bad actors.
 6. Poem.
 7. What a happy honeymoon will do.
 8. The stork.
 9. Monster.
 10. Great fun.
 11. Appear.
 19. To soften.
 21. What Mary and Doug got abroad.
 25. What we do in a hot spell.
 26. What New York City is.
 27. Wait on.
 28. Charles Lamb.
 29. Some girls learn to do this at college.
 30. What the social lion will do for his dinner.
 31. The way fairy tales get started.
 32. This is always getting into the garden.
 35. A masculine boudoir.

THE PENTON PRESS CO., CLEVELAND

Did You See This in Life?



"Say Ed where's my soap?"
"Search me!"

In your own copy? If not, over whose shoulder? (Sir, that's no reading lamp, that's my clavicle!)

Well, Life regrets to inform you that your shoulder-subscription has expired. And if we say that rather sharply, it is only because there is something better to offer you.

There are plenty of arguments why you should read your own copy of Life and read it every week. First, there is nothing more salubrious than good humor. Life is full of it. Second, the position of a kibitzer is economically unsound. You don't get something for nothing, you get a mere glimpse for a good poke in the ribs. Third—we'll let the third go with your reading of this issue.

If you enjoyed it, Life wants to call again. At your home, every week for the next 10 weeks (\$1.00) or year (\$5.00). The short term is \$1.00, the year \$5.00. Your credit is OK—all you have to do is drop us a card or note and say which.

LIFE

Dept. 11, 60 East 42nd Street,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DON'T SURRENDER

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"

Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.



© 1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers



"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a Lucky instead."

Aug
29
1930